



# THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 13 April 1960

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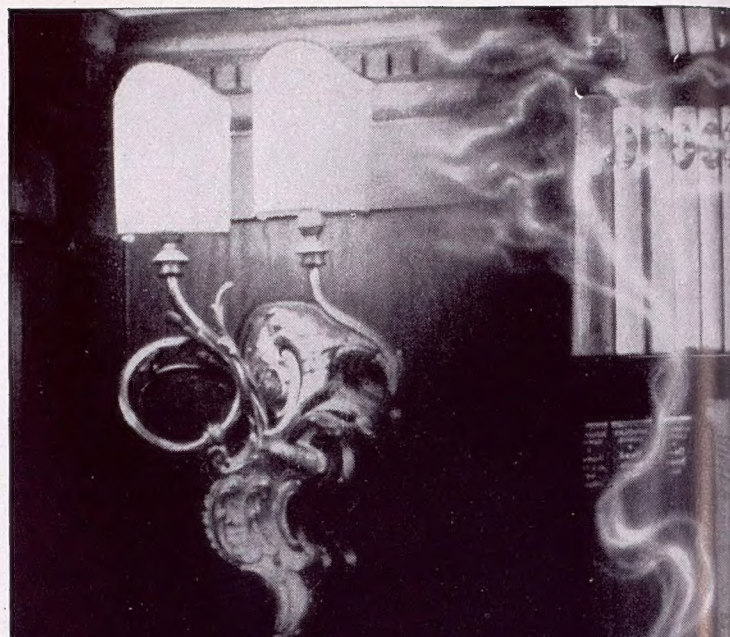


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# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXVI Number 3059

13 APRIL 1960

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## A MATTER OF CHANGING FACES



A cool sniff of Patou's Joy, which costs a cool £38. For the art of looking as fresh as a bottle of scent see page 116. Cover photograph by Colin Sherborne

FOR those who are wondering, after a glance at the cover, what swots have got to do with it, the answer is: Nothing. But they've got a lot to do with the changing face of Cambridge and as they'll be returning from the Easter vac. next week this seemed a good time to examine it. Hence the photographic exploration by Lewis Morley of the impact of new-style student on old-style undergraduate, *The day of the swot at Cambridge* (page 93). . . . Having cleared up that point, the cover girl can now get a look in. She's there to front a special section on what's new in beauty. Elizabeth Williamson's theme is that nobody need be stuck with the same old face—a new hairdo and a knowing touch with make-up can change the outlook. This should shake those who maintain that they *Never forget a face* (page 116). . . . Incidentally Elizabeth Williamson, The Tatler's new beauty columnist, is not to be confused with Maureen Williamson, who is The Tatler's fashion editor. Different names, different girls, different desks and everything. . . . The fashion editor's contribution this week is about Good Form, or, in a word, corsets (page 111). . . .

Mentioning which may cause discussion about just what goes under the girl's outfit in *A seat up front* (page 129). Not that you *have* to dress like that to sit in any of these *avant-garde* chairs. She was just trying to look as modern as they are. The photographs are by Sandra Lousada. . . . Switching from the new to the old, J. Allan Cash sends some pictures from a place everybody wants to visit: Agra, home of the Taj Mahal. But the Taj is such an attraction that people forget the other historic and beautiful buildings there. So this time it's *Agra—without the Taj* (page 107). . . . Two other travellers lately returned are Lord Kilbracken (page 106) and Gordon Wilkins—he reports on two new German cars (page 134). . . . Muriel Bowen, soon off to Moscow, has meanwhile been to the royal charity première of Kay Kendall's last film, to a party at the Tate Gallery for the 50th anniversary of the Contemporary Art Society, and to watch the Bicester hunter trials. Her social news begins on page 100. . . .

Next week: Who's who in charity. . . . The new pattern of patronage. . . . How to look out of water (or rather how not to). . . .



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## GOING PLACES

### SOCIAL EVENTS

**Silver Arrow Ball**, Grosvenor House, 21 April, in aid of Harrow School Clubs. Tickets: £2 5s. from Miss A. Stevenson, 47 Pont St., S.W.1.

**Débutante Dress Show** (Belinda Bellville models), Berkeley Hotel, 25 & 26 April. Tickets: £1 5s. from Mrs. Peter Foster, N.S.P.C.C., Leicester Sq., W.C.2.

**World Refugee Ball**, Grosvenor House, 21 April. Tickets: 3 gns. from the Secretary, 2 Chesterfield Hill, W.1.

**World Refugee Ball**, The Yorkshire Grey, Eltham, 21 April. Tombola gifts to, and tickets (£1 15s.) from Christopher Chataway, M.P., 73 Lewisham High St., S.E.13.

**The Rose Ball**, Grosvenor House, 27 April. Tickets 2½ gns. from Mrs. L. Morshead, 33 The Little Boltons, S.W.10.

### SPORT

**Golf: English Amateur Championship**, Hunstanton, 25-30 April.

**Tennis: North of England Hard Court Championships**, Southport, 14-19 April.

**Ski-ing: Scottish Kandahar** (Open Amateur), Glencoe, Argyll, 17 April.

**Motor Racing: International Meeting**, Goodwood, 18 April.

**Point-to-Points: Atherstone Hunt**, Clifton-upon-Dunsmore, 16 April; **Pythley Hunt**, 23 April.

**Badminton Horse Trials**, 21-23 April.

### MUSICAL

**Covent Garden Opera: Parsifal**, 6 p.m., 19 & 22 April. *Macbeth*, 7.30 p.m., 14, 16, 20 April. (cov 1066).

**Royal Ballet**, Covent Garden. *Ballabile*, *Antigone* and *Pineapple Poll*, 7.30 p.m., 18 April.

**Sadler's Wells**. Joint week, **Ballet of the Theatre Royal de la Monnaie**, Brussels and **Western Theatre Ballet**, 7.30 p.m., 18-23 April. (TER 1672/3.)

**Royal Festival Hall**. Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, London Choral Society, 5 p.m., 15 April (Good Friday). (WAT 3191.)

**Royal Albert Hall**. *Messiah*, Royal Choral Society. 2.30 p.m., Good Friday.

### ART

**Epstein Collection of Primitive and Exotic Sculpture**, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Sq., S.W.1.

**West Coast Hard-Edge** (Abstract Classicists from Los Angeles), I.C.A. Gallery, Dover St., W.1.

**Denis Wirth-Miller** (paintings), Lefevre Gallery, Bruton St., W.1.

### FIRST NIGHTS

**Haymarket Theatre**. *The Ages Of Man*. Tonight.

**Mermaid Theatre: Great Expectations**. Tonight.

**Prince's Theatre**. *Johnny The Priest*. 19 April.

**Coliseum**. *The Most Happy Fella*. 21 April.

### THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see p. 123.

**The Aspern Papers**. "... an evening of rare and curious pleasures ... holds the audience from start to finish." Flora Robson, Beatrix Lehmann (Queen's Theatre, REG 1166).

**A Clean Kill**. "... uncommonly good murder mystery ... exactly the right pace." Rachel Roberts, Peter Copley, Hugh Latimer (Westminster Theatre, vic 0283).

### CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see p. 124.

G.R. = General release.

**The Angry Silence**. "... carries tremendous conviction ... an exceptionally fine piece of film-making." Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli, Michael Craig. G.R.

**Conspiracy Of Hearts**. "... heart-rending ... a service to humanity ... you cannot fail to be moved to tears." Lilli Palmer, Sylvia Syms, Albert Lieven, Ronald Lewis. G.R.



Piazza dell'Erbe and the Lamberti arch in Verona

## Venetian roundabout

by DOONE BEAL

It is possible to be so far seduced by the beauty of Venice itself as to forget that it is also a wonderful base for excursions to the foothill towns of Belluno, Verona and Vicenza and to the islands of the lagoon, Murano, Burano, Torcello.

For a complete change from sight-seeing and waterborne life one of the nicest trips is up into the Dolomites, through Treviso and Longarone to Cortina. If you don't want to go so far (about four hours' drive), you can still get mountain air at Nevegal, which is half as far. You can drive to the chair-lift base, then take the lift up to this balcony of a mountain, which looks high over the plains to Venice and the sea. There is a simple hut restaurant and hotel at Nevegal.

Verona is an obvious venue. It is a two-and-a-half-hour drive, via Padua and Vicenza, partly *autostrada*. The last part, in the foothills approaching Verona, is classically beautiful, with a landscape of pin-cushion hills and formal cypresses, the white misty Dolo-

mites away in the distance behind.

Verona is a city of rose-red stone and contains one of the prettiest market places—the Piazza dell'Erbe, whose white umbrellas look like a fall of gigantic petals. There are the lovely Giusti gardens, formally landscaped, but backed by trees and shrubs growing wild on the hillside. On the art side there are paintings by Veronese, Moretto and Tintoretto in the Church of San Giorgio in Braida; a magnificent collection in the Museum of Art, housed in the medieval Castelvecchio, and at least a day's worth of antique shops. The pride of the city is the Roman theatre where opera is performed throughout July. Verona is a day trip from Venice in the technical sense only, and to this extent I commend the Due Torre Hotel. Owned by an antique dealer, it is a labour of love, every room in a different period—a treasure house in its own right.

Azolo, where Browning once lived, and the redoubtable Freya Stark and other literary luminaries



still do, is another charming little town in the foothills not far from Venice. Backed by mountains, it is built on a series of cone-shaped terraces, with vine clad hills falling gently down to the plains, and I restrain myself with difficulty from using yet more superlatives. Its 15th-century Town Hall contains two lovely Canovas—*Paris*, and *The Weeping Angel*, and will shortly house some of his personal possessions.

Azolo is a favourite weekend place with Venetians, and the Cipriani/Guinness management, of Harry's Bar fame, have recently taken over its main hotel, the Belvedere—which augurs well. This same group has also built not only a super hotel and restaurant on Giudecca, just over the water from San Marco, but converted a simple inn on Torcello, an island in the lagoon. One can get there direct by fast launch from Harry's Bar, or take the two-hour trip on a conventional steamer. It is, in any event, worth the pilgrimage. You walk from the landing stage about half a mile along the tow path to reach the Byzantine Church and the inn. The tiny *piazza* is surrounded by vines, pomegranate trees and flowers. In the church is a weird and wonderful *Last Judgement* according to Greek iconography and a series of mosaics. The inn looks deceptively simple. Only the wrought iron and ceramics inside, the dryness of the martinis and finally the food betray its sophistication. There is no more to Torcello than that. Its charm is delicate and unstressed, and can evaporate in the presence of too many other tourists. Since it draws both the gourmets and the guide-book types, I think I'd avoid making the trip at weekends!

Three other islands in the lagoon which are interesting are Burano, Murano and San Michele. At Burano, a most pretty island, one can see lace being made by girls in the convent. At Murano are the glass factories (remember *Les amants de Vêrone?*), and you can also buy the glass cheaper than in Venice. And at San Michele is Venice's cemetery, for fanciers of lovely proportion and strange atmosphere, with the beautiful 15th-century church of San Michele. The sight of an actual procession, the long lines of black gondolas draped with velvet and piled high with flowers, is unforgettable.

There are various excursion trips from Venice in summer which embrace, briefly, all of these islands. For a longer look, away from the bulks of tourists, they should be treated separately and can each be reached by ordinary boat—but check the time of return before you get off. At Burano, Da Romano is a good place to lunch, and in Murano, Da Mazzega.



## WHERE TO EAT

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

**Boulestin**, 25 Southampton Street, Strand. (TEM 7061.) C.S. With its almost ecclesiastical quiet, its sombre but restful décor, this is a gastronomic shrine—the creation of a man who became journalist, soldier and finally a great restaurateur. His personality lives on under the direction of Mr. Joseph Barnett. Boulestin is expensive, but the food and wines are outstanding. You are welcome both before and after the theatre. W.B.

**De Vere Hotel**, Kensington, W.8. (KNI 0051.) It got a "Come to Britain" Award certificate of commendation for enterprise in tourism in 1959. Mr. Robert Lush has spent £75,000 on making it one of the most attractive and up-to-date hotels in London. The dining-room, its décor a blend of soft green and dark red, is an ideal place for a quiet, intimate evening. The food is good, and the avocado pear with prawns converted me to that fruit.

**The Exeter Room. Strand Palace Hotel**, Strand, W.C.2. (TEM 8080.) If business takes you to the Law Courts-Kingsway area this is a good place to eat. It is restful and pleasant, the food is well cooked and served, and the cost extremely reasonable. Wines are good and inexpensive.

**Quaglino's**, Bury Street, St. James's. (WHI 6767.) Easy to find and *maitre chef de cuisines* Livo Borra maintains a high standard of cooking. Also the wine list is outstanding. At midday the restaurant has become popular with quite big business. With the late night **Allegro**, C.S., there are two cocktail bars, three bands and a cabaret. W.B.

## Heading north?

**Prince of Wales Hotel**, Southport (Southport 4181.) I can think of few hotels where one is made more welcome and where there is a more friendly and efficient staff. The cooking is outstanding and the choice of dishes remarkable. One of my favourites is *escalope de veau sauté Talleyrand*, and one of the specialties of the chef, Mr. Smith, is an *omelette surprise*. The bedrooms are extremely comfortable. W.B. weekends and summer.

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**henri**



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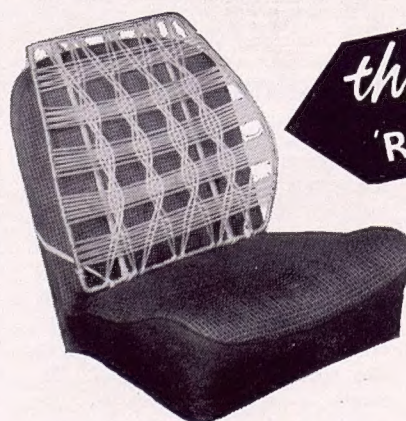


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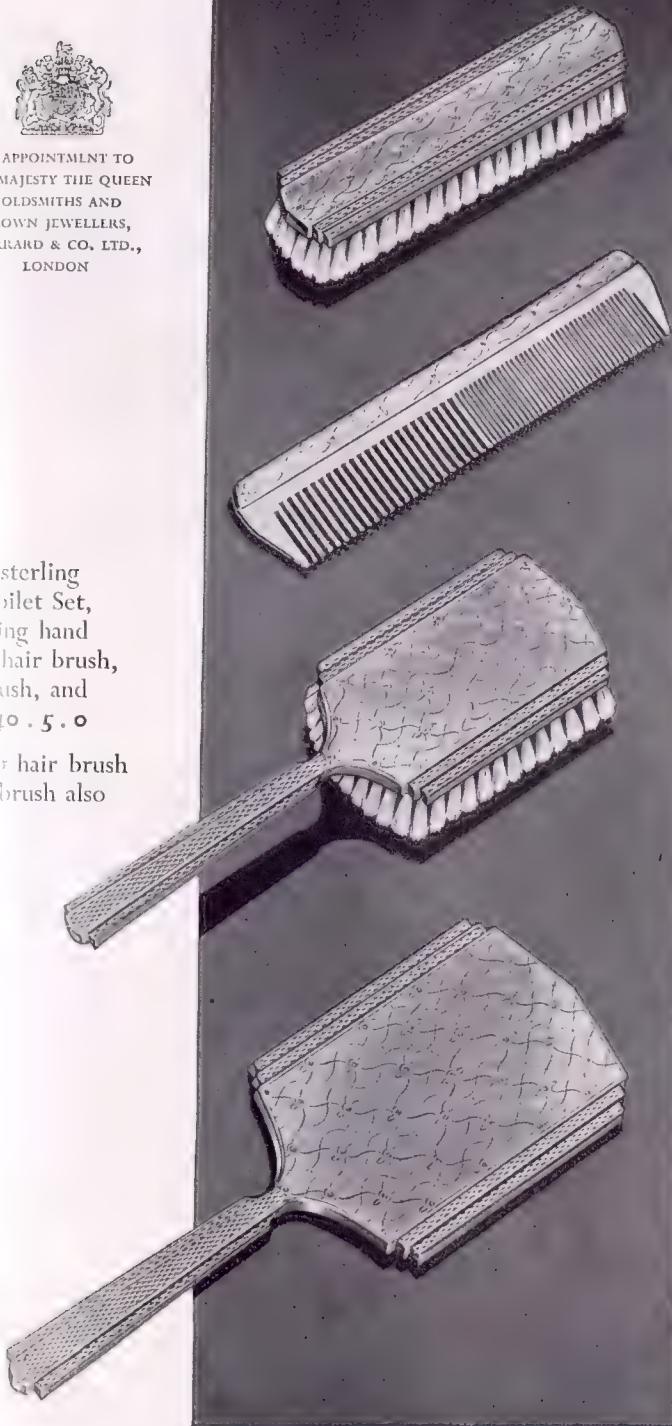


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## Engagements



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**Miss Camilla Straight to Capt. Michael Ian Vansittart Bowater, Scots Guards.** *She is the elder daughter of Mr. Whitney & Lady Daphne Straight, The Aviary, Windmill Lane, Southall, Middlesex. He is the son of Lt.-Col. I. F. Bowater, and the Hon. Mrs. Bowater, Calverton Place, Stony Stratford, Buckinghamshire*



R. Clapperton

**Miss Rosemary Platt to Mr. Charles Leveson-Gower.** *She is the daughter of the late Major C. J. F. Platt, and of Mrs. J. R. MacKenzie, Muirhouse-law, Roxburghshire. He is the son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. H. B. Leveson-Gower, of Cothorstone, Yorkshire*



Madame Yevonde

**Miss Elizabeth Jackaman to Mr. George Palmer.** *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Nigel Jackaman, of Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire. He is the son of the late Mr. Palmer, and of Mrs. Palmer, of \* New York*



Archie Parker

**Gräfin Victoria zu Castell-Rüdenhausen to Mr. John Huntington-Whiteley.** *She is the daughter of the late Graf F. W. zu Castell-Rüdenhausen. He is the son of Capt. Sir Maurice & Lady Margaret Huntington-Whiteley*



Madame Yevonde

**Miss Patricia Wright to Mr. Jeremy Ware.** *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Maylin Wright, of Paull, Yorkshire. He is the son of the late Mr. R. R. Ware, and of Mrs. Ware, of Collingham, Nottinghamshire*

## Weddings



**Tinker—Stephenson:** Jane, daughter of the late F/Lt. T. M. Tinker, and of Mrs. W. Mundy, of Sturton-by-Stow, Lincs., married Charles, son of Mr. & Mrs. C. E. K. Stephenson, of Great Longstone, Derbys, at St. Michael's, Chester Sq.



**James—Willis-Fleming:** The Hon. Elizabeth James, daughter of Lord & Lady Northbourne, married Michael, son of Mr. E. Willis-Fleming, of Bracknell, Berks, & of Mrs. B. Willis-Fleming, at St. Augustine's Church, Northbourne



**Blackwell—Philip:** Ursula Jane, daughter of the late Mr. T. A. W. Blackwell, and of Mrs. Blackwell, Chippenham, Wilts, married John, son of the late Mr. G. F. Philip, and of Mrs. Philip, of Newmarket, at St. Mary's, Cadogan St.



**Beak—Alexander:** Daphne, elder daughter of Col. & Mrs. Hugh Beak, of Weyhill, Hampshire, married Capt. James Alexander, R.T.R., only son of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Alexander, of Cheltenham, at St. Martin's Church, Kuala Lumpur



**Mudge—Thomas:** Barbara Stewart, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. S. H. Mudge, Glebe House, Cornwood, Devon, married Lt. Neil Thomas, R.N., son of Mr. & Mrs. E. R. Thomas, of Semington, Wilts., at Cornwood Parish Church



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THE TATLER & BYSTANDER  
13 APRIL 1960



*Timothy Beaglehole,  
researching in Modern  
Indian History at King's:*

*“There is no room now in Cambridge for people who don't work.  
The full-time playboy is going out, thank God.”*

## THE DAY OF THE SWOT AT CAMBRIDGE

**H**ARD WORK never has been the hallmark of life at England's two most honoured universities, but today the undergraduate who goes up to Cambridge looking for a good time finds alarming signs that things are heading that way. Not that the leisured life of spirited parties, inventive rags, and excursions to Newmarket has been entirely extinguished. Sherry is still sometimes served before luncheon and many a scooter jostles a bike for kerb space. But when you're living on a Government grant and the next instalment depends on evidence of reasonable application to your studies, you do tend to spend more time with your books and less with the bookies. At present there are 8,900 undergraduates up at Cambridge, and no fewer than 6,700 of them are leaning, partly or entirely, on State grants or private scholarships. Even among the others there is a high proportion whose funds are severely limited—their parents have incomes big enough to disqualify them from State aid, but not big enough to settle the bills without strain. Under such pressure, is the undergraduate vanishing? Is Cambridge becoming a place of students instead? Certainly, only the few can still afford to put fun first, and take a disdainful view of a degree. But is the whole way of university life changing? And is the swot depriving himself of some of its traditional benefits? The answers of the current generation are explored on the following pages.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY  
LEWIS MORLEY







**JAMES BUTLER**, the Home Secretary's son, is reading History at Pembroke (his father's old college). Has just got engaged to Miss Lucilla Borthwick and hopes to go into politics (Conservative):

*"There's still room at Cambridge for the old land-owning 19th-century Tory. I would be loath to see him disappear. . . . I'm a member of Cambridge University's wine & food tasting club because I think it is part of everybody's education to know about wine . . ."*



**STEPHEN ARIS** is at Trinity and edits the weekly "Varsity", a weekly run on ambitious lines:

*"The really smooth guys now are the Arabs and the Middle Easterners. They have the money—though there are still a few degenerate Etonians who lose £80 a night gambling. . . ."*

*I'm always meeting people who go around muttering, 'If I don't get a two-one I'll commit suicide'. Times have certainly changed since the days when Jesus College offered a degree in Church History for which you had to read three books. . . ."*

## THE DAY OF THE SWOT AT CAMBRIDGE *continued*



**JOHN YORKE** (Eton & Trinity) is one of the nine members of the True Blue Club and **EWEN MACLEOD** (Rugby and Trinity) is the president. The oldest and most exclusive dining-club in Cambridge, it meets once a term and 18th-century dress is worn mostly. Ewen Macleod speaking:

*"Cambridge does seem to be losing its character, becoming more toned down—even Trinity appears to be coming to pieces. . . . The True Blue is a bit of old-fashioned escapism offering the best food and civilized conversation in gracious surroundings. It's good for you every now and again to dress up and let yourself go. It costs eight guineas a head."*





**PETER CRUTWELL**, reading History at Trinity, drove to Oxford last term and kidnapped the president of the Union, who was then driven back to Cambridge and held to ransom. He plans further diversions of this character to enliven Cambridge's uniformity:

*"There are too many people here incapable of being anything but workweats . . . people who attend four hours of lectures in the morning. Most of them would do as well on a Pitman's course or at a polytechnic. There is little to choose between those awful grey products turned out by provincial universities and the present product of Cambridge."*



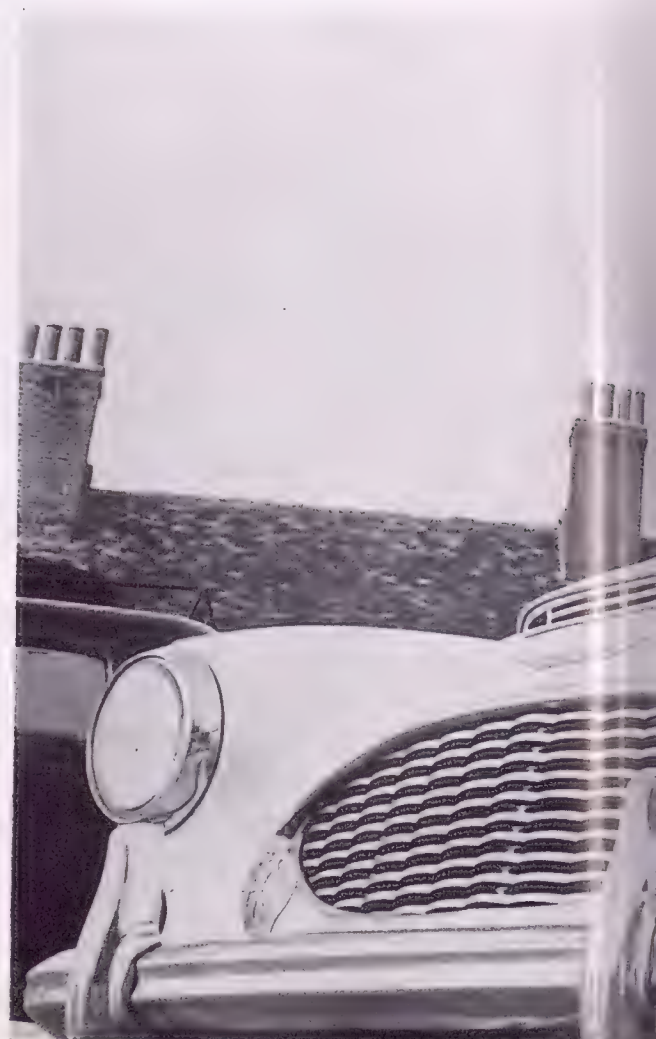


**NICK LUARD**, of Winchester, the Goldstream, and Magdalene, is secretary of the Pitt Club:

*"Certainly the undergraduate isn't being replaced by the student. If he were it would be a tragedy. But there are still a good many parties being given. In the last week I have been to five five-course dinner parties offering excellent food and civilized conversation. This is as it should be. . . . The undergraduate should go to London as much as possible. I go at least once a week to visit the Guards' Club and the theatre. . . ."*

**DAVID GAMMELL**, reading History at Trinity, edits *Gemini*, the Oxford & Cambridge magazine. He was having breakfast at The Whim (resort of Trinity's off-beats) at 11 a.m. on a Friday morning

*"I enormously regret the disappearing dandy and playboy. The good full-time playboy deserves as much credit as the good scholar. . . . I would like to see more genuine eccentrics around. I think the majority of undergraduates are a pretty unsophisticated crowd now. I favour the international set—I find them more sophisticated than the intellectuals. . . . But I'm glad I'm not a member of the Pitt Club, a soggy, gloomy institution where the food is atrocious."*





## Three onlookers give a verdict

**THE POST-GRADUATE, Mr. John Villiers, research student at King's.** His room houses a collection of Renaissance drawings, Worcester and Berlin porcelain and rich Oriental carpets—in keeping with the reputation for elegant living won in his undergraduate days:

*"I feel rather out of place among the present undergraduate population. . . . It is a pity that the majority of grammar-school boys sit in their rooms and work, thus missing the social benefits that Cambridge can provide. The elegant life that I enjoyed is disappearing because the grammar-school boy is not interested. . . . I think the champagne-glass-breaking and waiter-kicking undergraduate is disappearing, and that's good. . . ."*



**MIKE COTTERELL, of Magdalene, is president of the Cambridge Wine & Food Society:**

*"We recently beat Oxford in the annual wine-tasting match—this was very exciting. I think everyone should know about wine. . . . I don't think the undergraduate is disappearing so much as being threatened. This is a pity. . . . Now I must go and clean my Austin-Healey—I've got a girl coming up from London for the Pitt Club ball."*

## THE DAY OF THE SWOT AT CAMBRIDGE

*continued*

**THE PORTER, Steve of Magdalene:**

*"Undergraduates are too young now. I'd rather have the gentlemen. You don't get the parties now, and the place looks like a council estate."*



**THE DON, Mr. Raymond Lepard, Fellow of Trinity and Director of Studies in Music:**

*"I don't think undergraduates have changed since my day except that they don't have such elegant rooms. I think gracious living is character-building. Trinity still reserves 8½ per cent of its places for people who wouldn't qualify academically. . . . 'Good chaps' who add colour."*





*But even swots have to relax . . . .*



Peter Brimacombe of St. Catharine's has opened a night club called Daddy's, which has proved a startling success. It is most professionally conducted, and attracts upwards of 250 undergraduates every Saturday. It was launched for those not eligible for the Pitt Club, whose exclusivity riles outsiders, though there are umpteen other social opportunities in and around Cambridge. Daddy's is upstairs at Dorothy's, remembered by every coffee-drinking Cambridge man. . . . Sporting events still predominate on the social side though not everybody has a sports car to take them. This was the Cottenham point-to-point, always held on the day of the Pitt Club Ball



Head of Pitt the Younger identifies the much-challenged and much-defended social sanctum, whose annual ball is the most exclusive in Cambridge. Members of the university who are not members cannot attend even as guests. A club of like minds and social backgrounds ("with no jarring personalities"), it seems to arouse genuine resentment as well as genial ragging (right)







TIMES AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE!

Chorus in 2 groups - old ones and young ones

O Times aren't what they used to be  
In the days when life passed us by  
When the hours were free  
And an honours degree  
Needed only an old school tie!

Y We are the products of a liberal education  
And by and large we've no complaints at all.  
We manage on our grants  
And with help from mums and aunts  
We can just about afford the old May Ball!

t Trinity revue had an appropriate last word with a  
ically entitled *Times aren't wot they used t'be*. The theme:  
politically, musically, absolutely, positively  
ad it so good!"





Princess Margaret arriving at the première

MURIEL BOWEN

## Party after a royal première

THERE WAS a blaze of scarlet and gold on the stage of the Leicester Square Theatre as trumpeters announced the arrival of Princess Margaret at the première of *Once More, With Feeling!* She had been greeted with cheers in the Square as she entered in an ivory-white spotted dress with tiny bows of scarlet velvet on the skirt. Said Judge John Maude, speaking from the stage before the start: "We even had telegrams for tickets from America when it became known that Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones were coming."

More than 2,000 filled the theatre for this benefit for the Horder Centres for Arthritides.

Princess Margaret has been taking a succession of her friends to the theatre these past few weeks. This time she had asked Mr. & Mrs. Mark Wyndham, the Hon. Gavin & Lady Irene Astor, Mr. Julian Byng, and Major Raymond & the Hon. Mrs. Seymour to sit with her in the front of the Royal Circle.

Blinking their way through the floodlit foyer I saw Mr. Noël Coward, Adèle Countess

Beatty, Mr. & Mrs. John Davis, Mr. & Mrs. Gay Kindersley, and Mr. Paul Getty. "I don't often have time for movies," Mr. Getty told me, "but tonight I'm taking a night off." Lady Peel (Bea Lillie) wore one of her famous theatre hats. This one, in scarlet, was a cross between a pageboy's pillbox and a Cistercian's skull-cap.

One of the few tiaras was worn by the Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava. It was of diamond shamrocks and with it she wore a black dress with an enormous billowing skirt. The Marchioness, who is Appeals Chairman of the Horder Centres, topped the evening off with a dance at her house in Hans Crescent.

There were 200 of her friends gathered in a colourful setting of spring flowers in yellow, scarlet, mauve and white. Lord & Lady Rupert Nevill were there, and Sir Roy & Lady Harrod, Mr. "Ted" Leather, M.P. & Mrs. Leather, the Hon. Harry & Mrs. Cubitt (she's the former TV quiz star, Ghislaine Alexander), Mr. Cary Grant, the Hon. Anthony & the Hon. Mrs. Berry, the

Countess of Dudley (who now runs several dress shops with flair and imagination). The Netherlands Ambassador & Baroness Bentinck and the Viet Nameese Ambassador Mme. Ngo Dinh Luyen. Dancing was in the dining-room with a sit-down supper (followed by a 4.15 a.m. breakfast) in the drawing-room. The breakfast room had been turned into a bar. It was all very well thought out.

The Marquess of Dufferin & Ava was taking the evening off from his studies at Oxford, so there were many of his age group present. They included Viscount Elveden and his sister, the Hon. Henrietta Guinness (who is expected to be at some of the coming-out parties this year), Messrs. Simon, Christopher & Mark Lennox-Boyd (sons of Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, M.P., who was also there), and Miss Sarah Clifford-Turner. Also: the Hon. John Yarde-Buller, Miss Sarah Wilson, and Lady Daphne Cadogan.

### ART BY CANDLELIGHT

A not-so-contemporary touch at the 50th anniversary reception of the Contemporary Arts Society was candlelight, which with music and flowers gave a warm intimate atmosphere to the lofty main hall of the Tate Gallery, laid with long buffets. Sir Colin Anderson, the society's chairman, had organized a most successful evening—despite two disappointments. 'Flu prevented the Queen Mother being present, and Lady Anderson wasn't there either owing to a broken leg.

Despite its 50 years the Society remains young and vital in its approach to art. Each year it gives about £1,500 each to two members of the committee to purchase works of art. They're told to buy for the society "in the mood for which they would buy for themselves . . . to spend the Society's annual purse on works of art, entirely to their



Miss Kim Novak and the Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava.  
Far right: Mr. Noël Coward and Dame Margot Fonteyn de Arias.  
Below: Lord & Lady Kilmarnock



on personal taste." This year's buyers are Hon. Michael Astor and Mr. Whitney Straight. "It's a terrible lot of leg work, but the greatest fun," Mr. Straight told me. One of his purchases was an abstract Spanish painter Lucio Muñoz, much admired by guests at the reception. "I'd very like to own it myself," said Mr. Straight.

Mr. John Sainsbury, another committee member, told me that his turn as a buyer hasn't come yet, but he championed the freedom of choice. "The system makes for adventurous buying," he said. "We get a wonderfully wide variety of pictures." The pictures hang in 90 galleries throughout the country.

Before the reception Mr. Derek Hill, the host, had a dinner party at the Tate. "I'm trying to interest people in the Society by getting them to meet some of our members," he told me. "There are so many demands for our pictures we would like to be able to purchase more." His guests included the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Michael & Lady

Anne Tree, the Hon. Patrick & Lady Amabel Lindsay, and Miss Judy Montagu, who told me that she is living permanently in Rome now.

### GET SELLING!

The Hon. Lady Ford, wife of the Queen's Assistant Private Secretary, was "At Home" to members of the Victoria League planning their summer ball. There was no wasting of time on preliminaries. The Countess of Bessborough, who is American, got business moving briskly. She's the ball chairman. "Everybody's got to sell ten tickets, so I guess that's plenty of homework for you all," she said. The proceeds will go to the League's work in cementing Commonwealth links. "We've already got 340 prizes for the tombola" [*cheers*] said Col. E. G. H. Clarke. "Last year we had 700 so there is plenty of scope for your imaginations. . . ." [*silence*].

Col. Ralph Gregg of the British Schools Exploring Society was there. "We're sending more than 60 boys to Iceland on this year's expedition," he told me. "It's the best place

we can send them—the toughest. Though, mind you, two years ago they had a heatwave in Iceland."

Many guests had difficulty in finding the polished black door of Sir Edward & Lady Ford's house, tucked away in the Stable Yard of St. James's Palace. But when they got there they found an afternoon tea of Co. Down dimensions and a warm welcome from Lady Ford. Perhaps it's her transatlantic blood (she's half American) that is responsible for her taking an individual interest in a horde of strangers who arrived with dripping umbrellas and sopping wet shoes.

There were as many men as women at the party—Sir Ivison Macadam, Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd, and Brigadier Donald Agnew among them. Col. Clarke had a job for them too—selling programme space. He added this cheering bit of inside information: "A man who bought space last year told me that it was seen all over Australia and as a result he got the most generous hospitality everywhere he went there from members of the Victoria League." [*loud applause*].

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

## BRIGGS by Graham





**Mary Duchess of Devonshire**, the ball President, was among those who attended. She told me that her son, the Duke, and his family have now completed their move back to Chatsworth.

The ball will be at the Dorchester on 28 June and the next committee meeting will be at **Lady Adeane's** home on 10 May.

### LADY HEALD'S CATCHES

Also "At Home" last week in the interests of charity was **Mr. Charles Clore**. He had asked those organizing the Spring Fair at Holland Park to take cocktails with him at his house in Park Street. It is an exquisitely furnished house, though Mr. Clore isn't there so much now that he's bought Lord Rootes's estate in Wiltshire. "I've got some of the best Aberdeens in the country there," he told me, "and now I'm building a stud."

Guests were pouring in and **Lady Heald**, the chairman of the Fair, ushered them to the bar. They included: **Lord & Lady Douglas of Kirtleside**, **Lady Mary Bailey**, **Mr. David Heal**, **Mr. & Mrs. Michael Denison**, **Mr. & Mrs. Charles Sweeny**, and **Sir John & Lady Braithwaite**. Sir John, an agile 76, was surprised at being asked about his retirement. "I've only retired as chairman of the Stock Exchange. I still carry on my business interests," he told me.

Lady Heald asked jubilantly: "Don't you think it was rather clever of me, for a woman who knows nothing about finance, to get Mr. Clore as my deputy chairman and Mr. Fraser as my vice-chairman?" She's the wife of **Sir Lionel Heald**, former Attorney-General.

**Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Fraser** got held up in a traffic jam, but arrived eventually. He had a baby orchid in his buttonhole, but it visibly wilted as guests pressed round to shake his hand. **Sir Robert Hobart, Bt.**, one of his business associates (who has the shoulders of an amateur boxer), tried to act as buffer but still they pressed forward.

I chatted to **Miss Marjorie Marriott**, the President of the Royal College of Nursing, which the Fair (at Holland Park on 11 & 12 May) will benefit. It is to be opened by **Lady Dorothy Macmillan**. "Television and the new drugs have changed nursing," Miss Marriott told me. "Television especially has made patients more curious about what's wrong with them. A nurse has to be able to answer their questions. The profession today also calls for more sympathy and understanding . . . people come in for a major operation and it's something of a shock to them that they're up again after a day or two."

The question of telling people about the Fair came up. "I shall have to write to them all tomorrow," said **Mrs. E. A. Davenport**, who's organizing it. "We can't possibly interrupt them now, they're all having such a good time."



### Candlelight at the Tate

PHOTOS: A. V. SWAEBE



Above: **Lady Glenconner**. Right: **Miss Judy Montagu**, over from Rome, and the **Hon. Patrick Lindsay**, son of the **Earl of Crawford & Balcarres**. Below: **Mr. & Mrs. Alexander Stirling** and a **John Bratby**. Below right: **Mr. & Mrs. Michael Inchbald** and **Jockeys by W. Roberts**





## TWO COMINGS OUT

It is not often that a girl coming out has her friends to a party in the House of Lords. The lucky girl last week was Miss **Judith Keppel**, daughter of the **Hon. Walter & Mrs. Keppel**. It was given by the **Earl & Countess of Albemarle**.

Miss Keppel recently returned to her Hampshire home from finishing school in Paris. She is very interested in art. She had about 90 other girls who are coming out this year at her party, plus their escorts. Several of the girls were from Hampshire: Miss **Victoria Feilden**, Miss **Gillian Dawnay**, Miss **Sarah Maybury**, and Miss **Karin Robertson**.

Fathers instead of escorts were invited to the coming-out party given by Mrs. **Paul Wright** for her daughter **Faith**, and the **Hon. Mrs. Victor Agar-Robartes** for her step-granddaughter, Miss **Ann Lloyd-Davies**. It was held in Mrs. Wright's Chelsea drawing-room. I suspected that Mr. Wright (he's in the Foreign Office) was responsible for the idea but I was wrong. "Nothing to do with me," he told me briskly. "I'm not in on the politicking decisions."

Mr. **Jack Rashleigh Belcher**, the surgeon, was delighted with his invitation. "Such nice girls," he said. "None of them talk shop." His daughter **Sarah**, who is also coming out, is due home this week. She's in Florence, "being polished off," he said.

## THE HEYTHROP'S BICESTER

There were more than 100 riders and their horses at the Bicester Hunter Trials at King's End Farm, Bicester. They seemed to come from everywhere: Mrs. **J. H. Weatherby** from the Warwickshire Hunt, Mrs. **R. E. Winfield Digby** from the Blackmore Vale, and that beautiful horsewoman from the Heythrop, Mrs. **W. E. Lyon**, who entered her well known Master Mick.

Mrs. **Ailsa Smith-Maxwell** captured the open event for the Heythrop after a spirited ride on **Coollattin**, but **Lady Elliot** and the **Hon. Elizabeth Keyes** kept the flag flying for the Bicester.

With large entries and a well-constructed course, the day was a triumph for Mrs. **R. T. Whiteley**, who organized it. But then she's one of the Drummond-Hay girls, who are all so good on horses. Mrs. Whiteley herself was second in the Badminton Horse Trials a couple of years ago.

Mr. **R. A. Budgett** told me that the Kirtlington Polo Club will again have an open week, an innovation last year.

I also met Mrs. **John Sumner** who will be joining in the Mastership of the Bicester next season. "In some ways it's alarming taking on a pack of hounds, but my husband and I are looking forward to it." There will be three joint-Masters.



## Hunter Trials at Bicester

*Capt. R. W. Hawkins on Santa Claus takes a fence in the Open Class*



*Miss Susan Spencer, a competitor, with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Euan Spencer*



PHOTOS: VAN HALLAN

*Miss Ailsa Smith-Maxwell on Coollattin, with Capt. Miles Gosling, joint-Master of the Bicester & Warden Hill Hunt, and Capt. Alick Cubitt. Below: Judges Mrs. F. E. G. Shedden (left) and Mr. Jack Castle with their assistants, Miss Deirdre Carney and Miss Kay Chitney*





PHOTOS: LEWIS MORLEY



Guests at Rudding Park, the home near Harrogate of Captain & Mrs. Everard Radcliffe, included Mrs. Derek Crosse and Lady Davies (left), Viscountess Pollington and Mr. Michael Jopling (far left),



Miss Rosanne Radcliffe (left) and the Hon. Lady Parkinson (far left). Her daughter, Jennifer Jane, was secretary of the show at which only Dior clothes were displayed. The guest of honour was the Duchess of Gloucester who was staying with the Earl & Countess of Scarbrough.

## *Dior in the West Riding*

*A fashion parade was held at Rudding Park to benefit the St. John Ambulance Brigade*



Miss Valerie Compston was in charge of the fashion side. More than a thousand people saw the models make a long tour down the tapestry-hung stairs (far right), through the house and finally out into the marquee (right) set up outside









# Airborne or careworn?

BY LORD KILBRACKEN

**D**o you like flying? Whenever I board a plane, it always seems to me that everyone else on board is perfectly happy and relaxed; they are all veteran air travellers, I assume, who take the whole damned ordeal calmly in their strides. And yet, if I ever discuss the matter, I find a strangely unanimous reaction. "I hate every minute of it," people say. Or: "I breathe a heartfelt sigh of relief whenever we touch down." Or: "Of course, I'm always terrified. . . ."

That's exactly how *I* feel, too, even though (like everyone else) I assume my most nonchalant air as soon as my flight is called. Such fears, as we all know, are totally unfounded: I suppose the mathematical odds against disaster are approaching 1,000,000-to-1, and must certainly be longer than those against winning the Irish Sweep, which I am sure will never happen to me. It is safer to fly the Atlantic, I suppose, than to cross Piccadilly against the lights during the rush hour—which I do without a moment's consideration. Yet the fears remain.

In my own case, certainly, it was not ever thus. I first flew when I was 12, in one of those four-engined biplanes belonging to Imperial Airways which bumbled between Croydon and Le Bourget. I loved it; and a five-minute "flip" in a rickety two-seater—which in those days cost five bob—was the most exciting gift a benevolent adult could bestow on me. There was one such plane which operated, for a few days each summer, from the undulating downs beside the windmill at Rottingdean, where we sometimes went for holidays, and I would save up for weeks for it.

At 15, I began taking flying lessons—in a very modern monoplane, the Miles Major—whenever I could save up a pound to pay for an hour's instruction. Pounds were hard to come by, and I was banned from flying as a parental punishment for being caught as the school bookmaker at Eton—so I don't suppose I had accumulated more than seven hours' "dual" by the outbreak of war. I was nearly 19, and "hostilities" seemed like nothing more than a heaven-sent opportunity to continue my flying lessons—this time, for nothing.

For the first two years, I flew at every opportunity; I was still perfectly convinced of my own immortality, despite a number of exciting "prangs," a "ditching" in the Firth of Forth, and quite a bit of tracer. My second ditching, in the middle of the Atlantic, first gave me cause to wonder whether I would live for ever, but I soon got over it; flying, for the next couple of years, became just a chore—a job like any other—and I flew whenever I had to.

But by 1945, having been airborne for about 1,200 hours (which, nowadays, an airline pilot achieves in a mere year or so), I began to have serious doubts about my personal indestructibility. If you deal a pack of cards, I was now telling myself, the ace of spades has to turn up sooner or later, and I felt that I was getting towards the bottom of the pack. The *coup-de-grace* came just before VJ-Day, when something went haywire (as it was very likely to do) in my Fairey Barracuda. Owing to a fractured feed-pipe, I found myself being liberally

sprayed with hydraulic fluid, which is highly anaesthetic; I landed her, crosswind, in less than two minutes from 800 ft.—fortunately, I was directly over an airfield at the time—and passed out 30 seconds later, as competently anaesthetized in my cockpit as in any hospital's operating theatre. That was the last time I flew as a pilot.

In fact it was four or five years before I flew again, even as a passenger. I had intended to keep my feet firmly on *terra firma*, but the exigencies of life forced me gradually to accept flying, and nowadays I suppose I fly some 10,000 miles a year. Let it not be imagined that my experience as a pilot makes them easier to endure; on the contrary, it is a special form of torture, apart from everything else, to be back there, helpless, in the passenger cabin, without the smallest knowledge of what's going on "up front." Bereft of the instruments—not to mention the parachute—to which I was once accustomed, I find myself speculating wildly on each little change of altitude, or attitude, or course, or speed, from the time we start our take-off run till the blessed runway is again safely beneath our wheels, and I can say, *sotto voce*: "That's another one behind me."

There's no stage of the flight for which I have not now cultivated a special apprehension. On take-off, it's the fear of total engine failure (which in fact I once experienced, in a Swordfish, in 1943). During ascent through cloud, it's the risk of collision, though I know perfectly well that every moment of every flight is rigorously controlled from the ground, as it never was when *I* was piloting. At cruising altitude in perfect weather, there is now always the chance that someone has insured his mother-in-law for a fortune, and popped a bomb in her suitcase.

As for descent and landing, there are countless hazards to worry about: running into a mountain, flaps not working properly, undercarriage jamming, spinning off a turn at low altitude, collision, engine failure—the lot. I also have a special personal fantasy in which I imagine that the pilot dies of heart failure: would I be able to take his place and land the thing myself, after an interval of 15 years, and with no experience of multi-engined aircraft?

Well, that's how *I* feel about it. How about you? My inquiries point to a conclusion which is also, perhaps, a consolation. If you feel scared, or even just apprehensive, when the air hostess requires you to fasten your seat-belt and abstain from smoking till airborne, don't imagine for a moment that you're alone with your qualms. The chances are that everyone else on board is feeling just the same—all, I need hardly add, with absolute and demonstrable irrationality. . . .





The trouble is that the Taj Mahal has overshadowed the other architectural splendours of Agra. There are plenty of them—you'll find that overleaf in the pictures by J. Allan and Betty Cash. And all you'll see of the Taj is the glimpse (*above*) through a latticed opening in the walls of the great red fort that Akbar built

*The fruitseller belongs to no special period of Agra's history. Only the tires on his wheeled stall establish him as 20th century*





## AGRA *without the Taj*

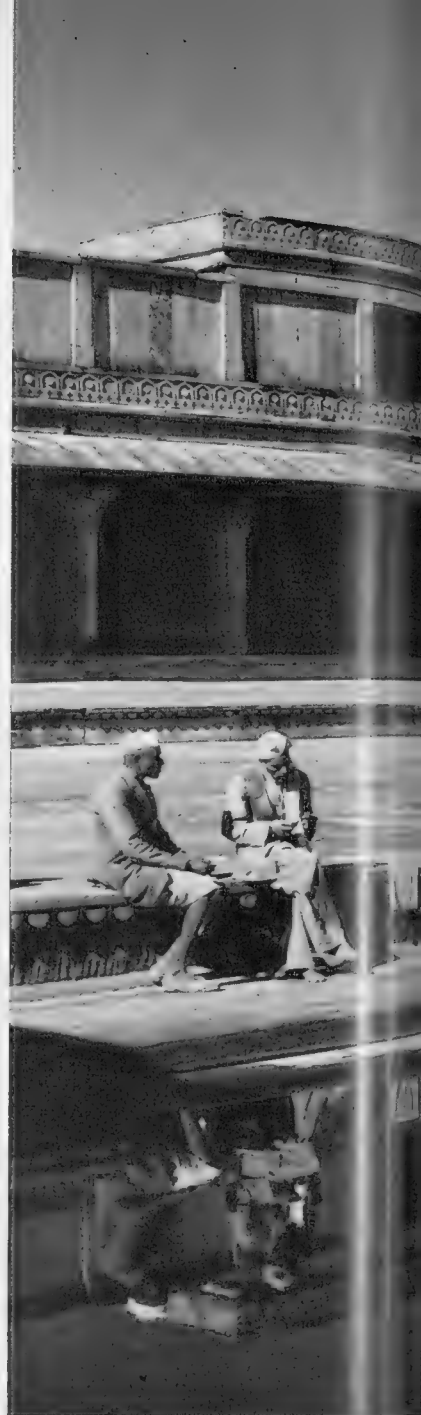
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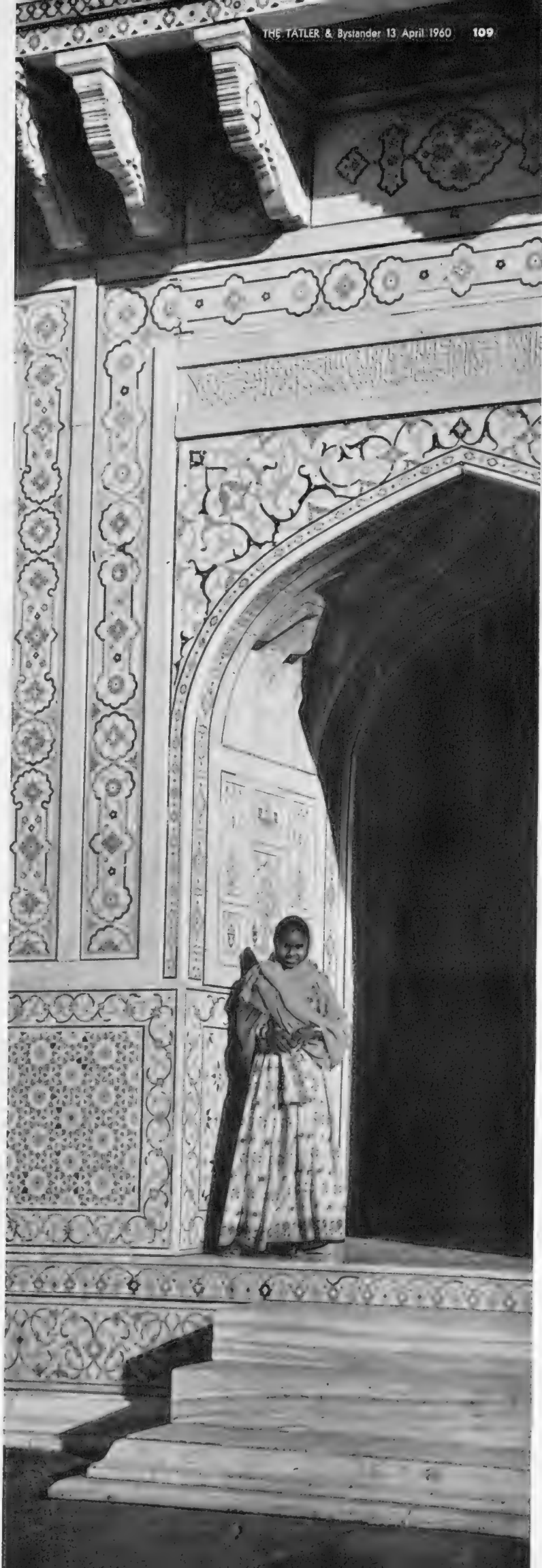
AGRA DREAMS OF AN IMPERIAL PAST AMONG the palaces, fortresses, tombs and mosques built along the banks of the River Jumna by the Mogul Emperors who ruled India from the city. The greatest of them, the Emperor Akbar, built the great fort of red sandstone, part-stronghold, part-palace, whose walls stretch for a mile and a half, enclosing many beautiful buildings. Akbar himself was buried in an imposing tomb four storeys high at Sikandra, a few miles outside the city gates. The tomb is below ground but on the top floor, surrounded by a cloister of white marble, is a cenotaph to the emperor. A carved marble pedestal nearby is believed to have held the great *Koh-i-Nur* diamond, part of the original booty captured by the emperor's grandfather, Baber, when he took the city in 1526. The marble buildings within Akbar's fort were the work of Shah Jehan, builder of the Taj, and form a pleasant contrast with the sandstone of the original foundation. The Pearl Mosque has marble arches and steps built around a wide courtyard and the Hall of Public Audience is highly decorated with intricate hand carving and has terraces and delightful little turrets



overlooking the Jumna. A delicate little white mosque in one corner of the fortress was built for the ladies of the harem by Shah Jehan's son, the Emperor Aurungzeb whose later move to Delhi deprived Agra of its imperial precedence. Some 27 miles from the city stand the remains of what was to have been Akbar's greatest architectural triumph—the new city of Fatepur-Sikri, now totally deserted. Akbar began by transferring his capital to Fatepur but the site was unhealthy and it was found impossible to obtain enough water for so vast a city. It is built mainly of sandstone and the huge gate to the quadrangle of the main mosque is nearly 200 feet high and the largest in India. The most beautiful and intricately decorated marble building inside the walls is the tomb of the anchorite saint Sheikh Salim Chisti who lived in a cave on the original site. Akbar implored the hermit to use his miraculous powers to bless him with a son. When this came about, the Emperor built the city in his honour and enshrined the saint's remains. The empty city stands today as a vast memorial to the building achievements of the fantastic Mogul dynasty.







Above: Pagoda-like towers are reflected by a pool in the courtyard at Fatepur-Sikri. Left: Fatepur is uninhabited but children still wander among the palaces and monuments, and beggars like the one (right) gather alms from visitors to the city. Far right: Gateway and entrance to the tomb of Itmad-ud-Daulah, a triumph of marble inlaid work imitating Persian pottery decoration. Below: Akbar's tomb at Sikandra was looted by Jat marauders after the decline of Mogul power in India





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## GOOD FORM

Venus, even on the threshold of the space age, is still the accepted symbol for a heavenly body, though it has to be admitted that the Greek angle on female curves (see Venus Anadyomene alongside) tended to an amplitude that is no longer encouraged. Good form obviously depends on good foundations and the trick these days is that bras and girdles, helped by the widespread use of nylon, are vying with lingerie as garments which women wear not merely because they must but also because they get pleasure from putting on beautiful things. All the foundations shown are washable and quick-drying, thus giving the lie to the old wives' tale that washing will ruin corsetry fabrics. The truth is, and manufacturers have spent thousands of pounds proving it, that frequent washing is more likely to prolong the life of an elasticized garment than otherwise. Scandale make the bra shown on this page in 32 in.-38 in. sizes with B fittings only. The latest French-designed bra to come on the market here, it has an ultra-feminine lace camisole top trimmed with slotted blue satin ribbon and a very low back kept in place by an elastic waistband. It will be on sale at the beginning of May and costs £1 9s. 11d. The companion girdle of white nylon elastic has an inset front panel of lace and is made in small and medium sizes only, price £4 14s. 6d. Both the bra and the girdle are stocked by Galleries Lafayette, W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; Jane Mason, Edinburgh. The statue is in the Vatican Museum, Rome.

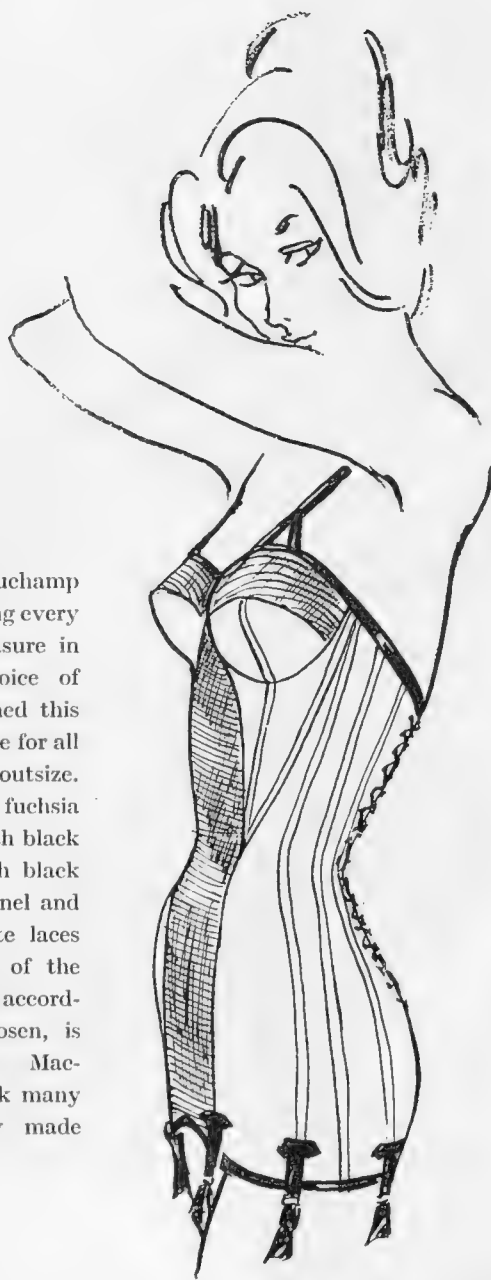
*Photographs from the Mansell Collection*

**DRAWINGS BY DUTHY**



## GOOD FORM *continued*

*Presiding goddess is the Venus de Medici sculptured by Cleomene of Athens in about the 2nd century B.C. Botticelli's Venus Anadyomene in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, is said to have been copied from it*



MacMillan of 17 Beauchamp Place, specialists in making every form of corsetry to measure in the customer's own choice of fabric and colour, designed this corselette which is suitable for all figures, including outsize. Material used here is fuchsia heavy wild silk edged with black satin and reinforced with black stitching on the front panel and bra cups. The corselette laces down the entire length of the back. The price, varying according to the material chosen, is approximately 19 gns. MacMillan also have in stock many bras and girdles ready made







ing closely fitting dresses need a basque which fits well over the bust like this model by Caprice. It is made in black nylon lace and elastic net, the lace mounted on pink taffeta. The basque zips up the front, has a very low back and a hemline trimmed with a frill of black Banlon lace. It is made in sizes 32 in. to 38 in. with B and C cups. On sale at Harvey Nichols, London; Joseph Johnson, Leicester; Kendal Milne, Manchester. Price: £5 19s. 6d.

Brief all-in-one basques for evening wear become prettier each season, while remaining entirely functional. This model by Scandale in white lace and nylon elastic has a low "V" back and hook fastens up the front. It is ideal for wear with full-skirted evening dresses. Made in sizes 32 in. to 38 in. with medium cup fittings. At Galleries Lafayette, W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham, and Jane Mason, Edinburgh. Price: £4 19s. 6d.

High-waister specially designed for evening wear by Flexees. It is made in light nylon elastic net with a nylon satin front panel, appliquéd with lace. Made in black and white in sizes 26 in. to 34 in. Price: 6 gns. The companion bra in nylon lace and satin is made in sizes: 32 in. to 36 in. in A fittings, 32 in. to 38 in. in B fittings, 34 in. to 40 in. in C fittings. At Dickins & Jones, W.1; Howells, Cardiff; McDonalds, Glasgow. Price: 33s. 11d.

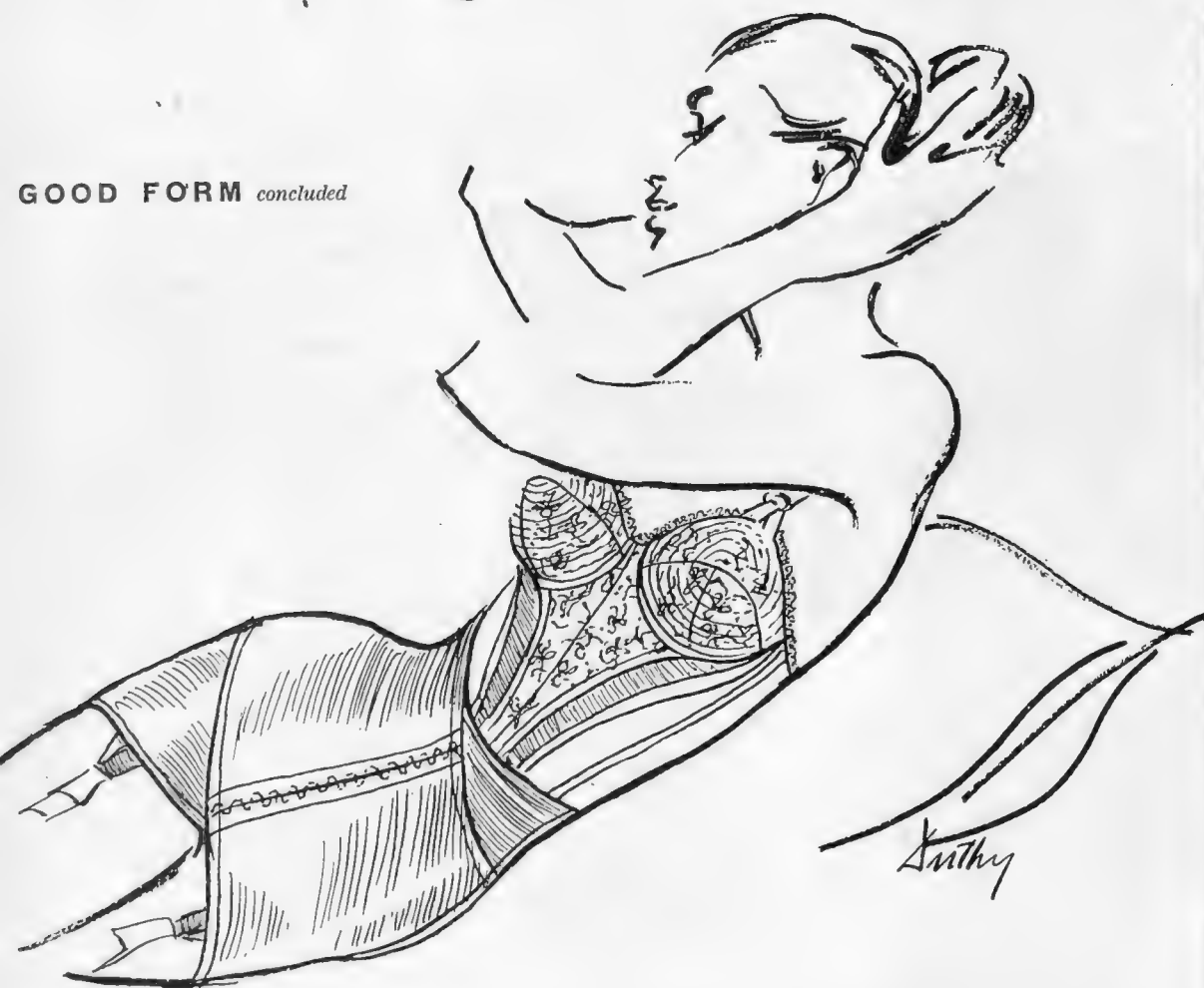
It is far easier to find a perfect fit in a high-waisted girdle and bra than in a ready-made corsetette due to the great variation in underarm to waist measurement. Girdles like this lightly-boned Warner Bros. model in Chantilly lace are the answer. Sizes 26 in. to 32 in.: 7½ gns. Matching bra, 32 in. to 36 in. B cup; 32 in. to 38 in. C cup: 3 gns. On sale at Marshall & Snelgrove, W.1, and Birmingham; Jane Mason, Edinburgh





Bra in white nylon lace and elastic (*left*) is cut for diaphragm control and bust support. The sizes are 34 in. to 42 in. in B fitting, and 34 in. to 44 in. in C fittings, and the price is £2 2s. Worn here with a girdle in white nylon elastic with side and seat panels of white elasticized satin. Sizes are small, medium and large, price £3 9s. Both by Exquisite Form at Dickins & Jones, W.1; Affleck & Brown, Manchester; Dingles, Plymouth. Lightweight Helanca stretch nylon is used for the Au Fait girdle (*far left*) designed for a long torso line. It is made in 24 in. to 32 in. waist sizes and costs £3 7s. 6d. The white lace and elastic bra has foam rubber filled cups and is wired and designed to be worn without straps if required. Sizes are 32 in. to 38 in. in B fittings only and the price is £1 2s. 6d. The bra and girdle can be bought at Swan & Edgar, W.1; McDonalds, Glasgow; Cripps, Liverpool. Silhouette make the model (*below, left*) in white embroidered nylon taffeta with circular stitching on the cups. Sizes are 32 in. to 38 in. in A fittings, 34 in. to 40 in. in B and 34 in. to 42 in. in C fittings. The price is £1 19s. 6d. The Waist-High Lady X girdle in light-weight nylon elastic zips up the side, has a seat panel of satin and is decorated with silver Lurex thread. Sizes are 25 in. to 32 in. with average and large hip fittings and the price is £3 19s. 6d. Both on sale at Dickins & Jones, W.1; Pettigrew & Stephens, Glasgow; Pophams, Plymouth. The Venus (*below*) is Callipygus from the Museo Nazionale, Naples.

GOOD FORM *concluded*





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GOOD LOOKS

*Never  
forget  
a  
face*

BY ELIZABETH  
WILLIAMSON





**E**VEN a collection of spring make-up like this one won't rate you a second glance unless your face is in basically good shape. What you see in the mirror each day is really a blend of gentle angles and planes. They can be given a new dimension by the use of techniques stolen from stage make-up—though of course the effect to aim at is anything but stagey. The first step is to see those planes and angles as they really are. View your face through half-closed eyes—your looks jump out and you can see the points to play up and the features to play down. Enlightening, too, is a view in a magnifying mirror. Face and hairdo should balance clothes and project personality. After all, most people, most of the time will be looking at all of you, not just a face.

*continued overleaf*

KEY OVERLEAF: PHOTOGRAPH BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

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*Never  
forget  
a  
face* continued



*Facial architecture, pretty near perfect, that illustrates a basic truth: you're more often seen in profile or glancing than you are head-on. So it's important to know yourself from all angles*

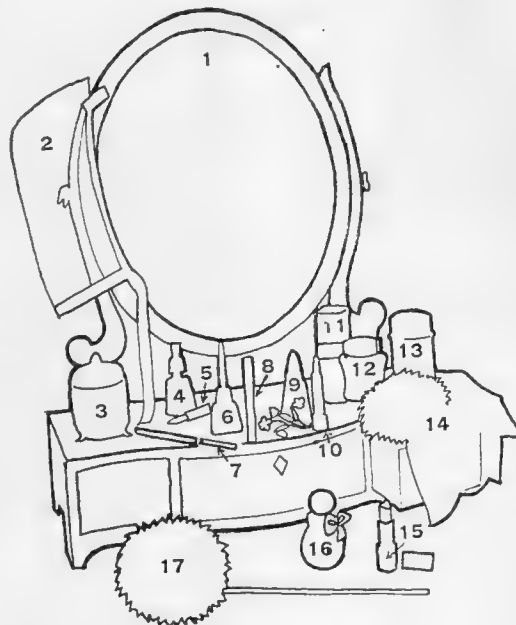
Bone structure can be altered by shading or highlighting where you need it most. But the basis for all this is a skin cleansed of every trace of grease—apply skin freshener liberally. Then put base on evenly but lightly (try a stick type because it really stays put) and shade to diminish, highlight to emphasize.

Try highlighting with lighter foundation to take away shadows under eyes . . . round the base of the chin and curve up to bring a receding chin-line forward . . . a rim of white liner close behind lashes to lighten deep-set eyes . . . a touch of white at the outer edges of eyes to widen your gaze.

Shade with darker foundation to make a leaner cheek—suck in to find the best spot to apply. A trace of shadow between nostrils and drawn forward on to nose to shorten it.

Another stage trick (and you can go to Max Factor's salon in Old Bond Street for a lesson) is to finish make-up, even if it's dark, with a light cast of pale powder to give a clean, perfectionist look. Make your face come alive with a touch of rouge (best put on with a rouge mop from Max Factor) on cheekbones, a trace across forehead, on tips of ears and on bottom of chin.

Once you've reshaped your basic face, then comes the time for a spring check on all that's new (key at right), and a selection of what's for you. As for hair, turn to page 121.



1. Sheraton satin-wood toilet mirror from Liberty's costs £36 10s.

2. Pink nylon net is rimmed with ribbon to keep rollers in place at night: 17s. 6d., from Elizabeth Arden, Old Bond Street.

3. Revlon's Ultima cream, for nourishing, is light and fluffy and just on sale.

4. Lancôme's Bois de Rose nail varnish and lip colour (5) is a pale browned-off pink; also in Cornaline, hotter and brighter.

6. Three rosy shades by Gala are Lilac Rose (with a hint of sparkle) for nails (shown here), Silver Rose and Vibrant Rose. Also (7) Lilac Rose, for lips.

8. Eye shadow by Cyclax is newly cased in gilt—it's pretty in Turquoise.

9. Elizabeth Arden's Fraises des Bois is just grown for summer picking. It's a deep pink and pretty good on nails and (10) lips

11. Not quite on the counter: Chanel No. 5 spray cologne which dispenses 800 metered jets—39s. 6d., from May 1st almost everywhere.

12. Frescabel by Lancôme goes on under make-up and it tones, freshens. It costs 22s. 6d.

13. Nail Dry by Maria St. George is the newest way to dry nail polish and keep nails perfect: 12s. 6d.

14. Puff on hanky: 17s. 6d., from Harvey Nichols.

15. Heart shape for Helena Rubinstein's lipstick in Heart of Pink, plus six other new colours.

16. Newest perfume out of Paris: Cabochard by Grès—haunting, dry and spicy, only at Dickens & Jones.

17. Puff on stick: 1 gn., from Harvey Nichols.





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## *Adventure in ballet*

*Rehearsing The Prisoners are members of the Western Theatre Ballet from Bristol who open a week of joint performances with the Brussels National Theatre Ballet at Sadler's Wells next Monday. The three-year-old company, one of the few small ballet groups to succeed in combining artistic success with financial profit, began its first tour on a £500 Arts Council grant and £800 donated by supporters in Bristol*





## VERDICTS

*The play* **The Gazebo.** Savoy Theatre.  
(Moir Lister, Ian Carmichael, Michael Goodliffe, Philip Latham.)

*The films* **The Last Angry Man.** Director Daniel Mann.  
(Paul Muni, David Wayne, Betsy Palmer, Luther Adler, Dan Tobin.)

**Once More, With Feeling.** Director Stanley Donen.  
(Kay Kendall, Yul Brynner, Gregory Ratoff.)

**Please Don't Eat The Daisies.** Director Charles Walters.  
(Doris Day, David Niven, Janice Paige, Spring Byington, Richard Haydn.)

*The books* **The Longest Day,** by Cornelius Ryan  
(Gollancz, 21s.)

**Act 1,** by Moss Hart (Secker & Warburg, 25s.)

**The Essence Of Beauty,** Aytoun Ellis  
(Secker & Warburg, 25s.)

*The records* **Lift To The Scaffold**  
**Blue Haze**

**Kind Of Blue**

**Porgy & Bess,** by Miles Davis.

**Cascade Of Quartets,** by Snub Mosley,  
Johnny Letman & others.

**Ben Webster & Associates.**

**Vic Dickenson/Joe Thomas.**

*The galleries* **Francis Bacon,** paintings 1959-60.  
Marlborough Gallery.



### Mr. Carmichael's armchair ride

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER IT IS good for the drama, but certainly it is hard on the theatre that the harmless little play which sets out only to beguile an idle evening has become to the average critic as maddening as a red rag to a bull. It offends his professional pride. He has lately been forced into the habit of sniffing everything presented to him for a hint of "contemporary" significance. Not finding it he grows extremely contemptuous, and so plays like **The Gazebo** at the Savoy, which is a comedy-thriller likely to please many playgoers, is apt to get much less than its due in the next morning's press.

It is in fact a vehicle for Mr. Ian Carmichael and has the merit of

suiting him to perfection. This comedian has the same curious quality of personality once possessed by Mr. Fred Astaire: he makes all the women in the audience want to pat him on the head. And the male escorts do not appear to resent the unfair advantage he has over themselves; indeed, they, too, find him an amusing fellow.

So he is. He is also an unusually clever one. He has successfully adapted what is essentially a musical comedy style of playing to the straight play and, given half a chance, will show himself the master of comic consternation.

Mr. Alec Coppel's play about a rich television thriller writer and a still richer film actress who are crippling themselves financially by living in a



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# LANCÔME



big house on Long Island gives Mr. Carmichael chance after chance for the display of comic consternation. They are a devoted couple, but while he wants to sell the house for a vast sum she is intent on adding to it, and an 18th-century gazebo has lately been brought over from England at great expense and is about to be set up on a cement foundation in the garden.

This amiable domestic bickering makes pleasant comedy, and when the silly chump, hearing that his wife is being blackmailed, recklessly decides to bump off the blackmailer it is natural that he should see in the still unset foundations of the gazebo an appropriate burial place for the rascal who has dared disturb his wife's peace of mind.

The solemn question whether cold-blooded murder should be made a laughing matter is really beside the point. Voltaire often made screamingly funny use of the macabre; so did *Arsenic And Old Lace*. The only valid rule is that

the thing should be made to seem funny, and Mr. Carmichael sees to it in this instance that this rule is observed. He makes a wondrous hash of the business, and we are slightly surprised when the curtain rises again to discover that he has, after all, managed to get the body into place under the gazebo.

He quickly learns that he has murdered the wrong man and quite the best scene of the play shows Mr. Carmichael making frantic telephone calls to all who conceivably might have called on him the previous night to know if they are still alive.

He has much more suffering to endure, indeed he narrowly escapes torture when a gentlemanly English thug arrives looking for the key to the safe deposit that was in his confederate's pocket and is presumably buried under a deep layer of cement.

But Mr. Carmichael retains his likeability and his sense of unforced comedy through all these incredible



but engagingly absurd happenings, and if you are in the mood for easy laughter and can reconcile yourself to the total absence of "contemporary significance" you will have a pleasant evening.

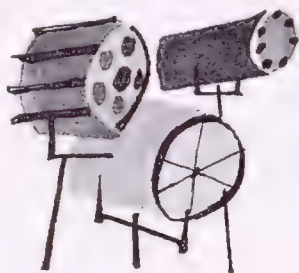
Miss Moira Lister, as the actress wife in the case, plays her, no doubt deliberately, as a very grand actress indeed. She has little to act, but she gives the impression of acting all the time.

Mr. Michael Goodliffe has not much to do either as the friendly and slightly conniving neighbouring attorney, but he is direct and effective. There is a nice little thumbnail sketch by Mr. Philip Latham as the sinister Englishman whose habit is to threaten torture with a well-bred smile.

**PLOTTERS.** Top left: *Nell & Elliott Nash* (Moira Lister & Ian Carmichael) with a model of the fatal building. Left: *They snatch a lighter moment from the cares of disposing of a rogue's body*, in *The Gazebo*

## CINEMA

by Elspeth Grant



### Homespun with ragged edges

IT IS NOT UNUSUAL FOR THE FILM chosen for the Royal Performance to be anticipated with misgiving and reviewed in umbrage, so I cannot claim that *The Last Angry Man* made of me the first angry woman—but I must say I feel our long-suffering royalty would be fully justified in cutting this annual engagement if the film industry really cannot offer something more worthy of the occasion.

In this year's little number, Mr. Paul Muni—a fugitive from Hollywood for 14 years—makes a comeback as a poor but dedicated doctor who has practised for a financially unrewarding lifetime in a Brooklyn slum. Mr. David Wayne, as a TV executive, induces him to agree to appear on a programme called "Americans, U.S.A."—and persuades his sponsor, the boss of a firm of manufacturing chemists, that for once he is going to get a genuine human interest story.

I suppose he does, though the programme never reaches the TV screen. What with trying to keep pace with the complicated TV technical arrangements while worrying about his patients and rushing off to attend a negro boy who has a brain tumour, Mr. Muni finds the

strain too great. He dies of a heart attack. Mr. Wayne loses his job—but we are given to understand that the old doctor's idealism has made him a better, nobler man. When last seen, the unfortunate negro boy was lying in jail with a broken leg and his original trouble still uncured.

Mr. Luther Adler gives an excellent performance as a successful doctor and Mr. Dan Tobin, as a strictly commercial TV man, radiates a quite wonderful insincerity—but the *schmalz* is laid on with a shovel, and Mr. Muni's sentiments are expressed in such consciously homespun terms that I couldn't see what it was about him that so impressed and uplifted Mr. Wayne: as some cynic reminds him, he is not dealing with Dr. Albert Schweitzer. It's not a *bad* film: it's just not good enough to deserve the honour bestowed upon it.

I hope your sorrow over the death of Miss Kay Kendall, a darling girl if ever there was one, will not prevent you from seeing the last film she was ever to make—Mr. Stanley Donen's *Once More, With Feeling*—for there is nothing in her performance to suggest impending tragedy. Her wit, her elegance and

her delicious dottiness are joyous—and that highly individual sparkle which endeared her to us remains blessedly undimmed.

As the harpist wife of a furiously temperamental conductor, Mr. Yul Brynner, Miss Kendall has a busy time keeping him out of trouble. She is so expert at placating the people he offends—from wealthy backers to sensitive musicians—that his manager, superbly played by Mr. Gregory Ratoff, doesn't know how they could carry on without her.

This is something they will just have to find out. Miss Kendall, having surprised Mr. Brynner in a clinch with a pretty young pianist, demands a divorce: she intends to marry someone less destructive—an atomic scientist, Mr. Geoffrey Toone. Reluctantly agreeing to let her go, Mr. Brynner points out a tiny snag: as, through some slight oversight, they have neglected to get married, there can be no divorce unless she becomes in fact his wife.

If they were to part without a divorce, this would cause a tremendous scandal: in order that Miss Kendall can decently regain her freedom, a quiet wedding is arranged. As you may imagine, Mr. Brynner takes the unfairest advantage of their now legally marital status to keep her tied to him.

The dialogue is fraught with hilarious lines ("Remember we're not just *playing* Rimsky-Korsakoff—we aim to beat him!") is Mr. Brynner's best), the musical interludes are splendidly played—and the comedy has a rare and pleasing polish.

In *Please Don't Eat The Daisies*, Miss Doris Day and Mr. David Niven are a happily married New York couple—until Mr. Niven

resigns his college professorship to join the ranks of the dreaded drama critics who, apparently, over there can kill a play stone dead with a single scathing review. Power corrupts, success makes smug. Once he has become famous through having his face slapped by an irate actress (Miss Janice Paige) Mr. Niven develops into a roaring social lion—convulsing cocktail parties with his lightest wisecrack (and some are lightweight indeed).

Miss Day is puzzled and bored with all this, and moves, with her four little sons and her mother (adorable Miss Spring Byington) to a country house, 70 miles from the city. It is Mr. Niven's turn to be bored—and it looks as if the marriage may crack up, especially when Miss Day inadvertently wounds him in his Achilles heel. Mr. Niven once wrote a shockingly bad play: a friend he has offended (Mr. Richard Haydn) gives it to Miss Day without revealing that it is by her husband—and she stages a burlesque version of it for her local amateur dramatic society.

Well, well, well! Such things are sent to try uppish drama critics—and no doubt Mr. Niven will get over it, I guessed. He does. Mild entertainment which a mite more sting could have improved.

M. Sacha Guitry's mammoth *Versailles* covers the history of that magnificent royal chateau from the time of Louis XIV. It is a truly sumptuous production (in Eastman Colour) and the cast list, as long as both your arms, includes just about every well-known French player you can think of—even Mlle. Brigitte Bardot who figures as, guess what? A courtesan. It is a pity the English sub-titles are so poor.



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## RECORDS

by

Gerald Lascelles



### Broken date with Davis

NO SOONER HAD I HEARD THE SAD news confirmed that Miles Davis will not be visiting England during his current European tour—this, by the way, due to Basic filling the British circuit rather than through any disinterest on the part of promoters and fans—than I found at a film showing in London captures his music. America's top trumpeter wrote and played the end track music for the French film *Lift to the scaffold* (TFL5081), a melodrama of above average quality. Much of Miles's work is today slow trumpet, with occa-

sional flashes of up-tempo music where his ability to improvise comes to the fore.

No doubt Miles will come to Europe again, and next time he must play here. Just how much he has improved over the last four or five years can be judged from his LP *Blue haze* (32-088) recorded in 1953/4, and then listening to his 1959 sextet in *Kind of blue* (TFL5072). In the latter he is at his most creative, spontaneous best. His leadership in the field of modern jazz should do much to keep the progressives on a sensible line of

development. Miles's fabulous *Porgy & Bess* album has at last been reissued in stereo form (STFL507).

It seems that the American record companies have at last been stirred into action by the example of two bold Englishmen. For years they have been neglecting the mainstream work, which has been the one tempering influence on the jazz world, goaded into madness by the progressive experimenters. Stanley Dance spent months in New York supervising sessions for Decca and Columbia. His second volume of *Cascade of quartets* (33SX1218) brings to the record scene a host of names I have not seen on a label for years; Snub Mosley, a trombonist who also doubles on a unique slide saxophone; trumpeter Johnny Letman, Panama Francis, one of those easy swinging drummers who are the backbone of countless small groups, and a quartet led by clarinettist Buster Bailey which proves that this instrument is by no means dead in jazz.

Following the lead set by Dance, an important session was recorded by the American Verve label a year

ago, using the unusual combination of three tenor saxophonists and one trumpeter. When I tell you that the tenormen were Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins and Budd Johnson, you should know what to expect. One whole side of the album (CLP1336) is devoted to Ellington's *In a mellow tone*, allowing the soloists to stretch themselves comfortably and do justice to this fine theme. For me the most exciting track is *De-dar*, a slow blues heavily laced with unison work by the front line and some pungent solos by the three tenor horns, all of whom are more than 50 years old. Who said jazz was a young man's music?

The second intrepid Englishman who invaded the New York studios was Albert McCarthy, a critic and historian of repute. His stereo album (SAH-K6066) features two separate groups, led by Vic Dickenson and Joe Thomas respectively. There are powerful solos and an ensemble sound which makes happy listening, if occasionally slightly undisciplined. I am delighted that these neglected musicians are once more receiving attention.

## BOOKS

by Siriol Hugh-Jones



### Gold, Juno and the rest

JUNE 6, 1944, WAS A DAY SO extraordinary, enormous, appalling, of such tremendous importance to everyone now alive, that even 16 years later it is not easy to think about it in anything like a straightforward way. Brisk eagle-eyed generals have already mapped and clarified what seemed, for most of us, like the longest, slowest and most confused years in life—but June 6 was always a distinct pinpoint in time; D-Day, the day they landed on the five beaches with the curiously beautiful and terrible names, Utah, Omaha, Gold, Juno and Sword.

Cornelius Ryan, author of *The Longest Day*, after what must have been a vast amount of research including questionnaires and interviews with survivors, has made an attempt—a sure snip for the film producers—to chart the whole gigantic event in human terms, recording words spoken, isolating small personal events (if a matter of life or death is ever small), compeling

ling one to imagine and remember the reality of one man fighting an isolated personal war on a beach-head—in fact the fundamental unchanging element in any war at any time.

Like the day itself, I find it hard to think very clearly about the book. Some of the detail, the remembered direct speech, the sharp frozen clarity of some of the monstrous incidents that have clearly never faded from the eyes and ears that recorded them, the weird sense of variations in the pace of time experienced by men in unimaginable circumstances—these are the things that hold tight from page to page.

Still there remains some niggling feeling of dissatisfaction. Maybe it just isn't possible to write this sort of patchwork "human story" book (at least without making it about twice the length it is) about an event that demands a superhuman vision and comprehension, and a style to match the subject. In 1960

it's not possible to take a flags-and-trumpets epic view of war, and it's a relief that Mr. Ryan manages to be both extremely involved with his material and to put it down with simplicity ("grand and gripping stuff," says a jovial general on the jacket).

The record should certainly have been made. 1960, understandably, is the time of anti-heroics. But all the same, what does it mean to the newest and youngest generation—the little note, for instance, in the list of thanks and acknowledgments to contributors of information . . . "Piper Bill Millin of Lord Lovat's Commandos, for his diligent search to find the list of tunes that he played throughout the day . . ."

Moss Hart's story of his life and times in the theatre, *Act 1*, in spite of being far too long and having to nestle inside a jacket all peppered with exclamation points, is nevertheless an enormously endearing book, written as it were in a perpetual state of frozen terror and astonishment, rueful, sometimes even lugubrious, anxious and funny. Mr. Hart, though you would hardly guess it from the book, is one of the theatre's longest-running smash hits in person. Modestly, his book's hero is his adorable, implacable and monumentally unemotional collaborator, Mr. Kaufman (no free-and-easy George for Mr. Hart) with his box of fudge, his sharp pencils for all-night revision, his silent greeting with one lifted finger, his dread of Moss Hart's recurring urge

to express gratitude and rejoicing ("I went over to him and tried to modulate my excitement to a pitch that would match his own usual conservatism. 'They seem to like it, Mr. Kaufman,' I said.") If anyone still doubts that men closely involved with the business of comedy are haunted, abominably nervous and eat their fingernails, this is the book that will clear the matter up.

*continued overleaf*



HENRY KENDALL in the revue *A La Carte* at the Savoy Theatre in 1948. A picture from the actor's autobiography *I Remember Romano's*



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DTV

**The Essence of Beauty** by Aytoun Ellis is an enthralling history of the manufacture and use of scent, which Mr. Ellis in his rather over-excited beauty-ad. way will insist on calling perfume, whether you like it or not. I enjoyed this book enormously, and am still predisposed to regard women as human beings in spite of their habit of anointing themselves with the protective plates of sea-snails and their profound and trustful belief, recurring throughout history, that to give yourself a delicious new skin you have only to strip off the old one on top (at the time of the Restoration you did it with sulphuric acid and sometimes lived to tell the tale, nowadays I

somehow seem to recall the process is known as *le peeling*, and may be embarked upon with equanimity).

It is to be supposed, at least, that we have progressed very slightly since the mid-16th century, when the trick was to "take a young raven, feed it on hard eggs for 40 days, kill it and then distil it with myrtle leaves, tale and almond oil." (So, what then? Did you eat it, or slap it on with a spoon?) One of the most touching things about women is their indestructibility and zestful hopefulness, and the cheery way they have of liking to come into a room enveloped in a heady cloud of parma violets with just a touch of civet.



## GALLERIES

by Alan  
Roberts

### Not for the sentimental

AS I FLICKED THROUGH THE illustrated catalogue of the exhibition of Francis Bacon's latest work at the Marlborough Gallery, I discovered that the "horrific" element was more apparent in the small photographic reproductions than in the canvases (some of them over 6 ft. high) themselves. Still, it was no place for those who think the job of art is to be "beautiful."

My first impression was of a nightmare world where everyone's face was in a state of deliquescence. It was like being locked in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's while the place was on fire. But although the faces and bodies seemed to be decomposing before my eyes, the brightness of the light and the richness of the vivid greens and reds and yellows surrounding them gave them a quality that robbed them of some of their power to shock. So, while I felt revulsion, they instilled in me an irresistible, morbid compulsion to keep looking at them.

They are the paintings of a devilishly inspired Daumier of the subconscious, gruesome, sadistic and penetrating. Yet they are achieved with an astonishing directness and economy.

Look closely at one of these faces and the face disappears and becomes only a few rapid, apparently meaningless brushstrokes. "His task," says Robert Melville in the catalogue, "is to arrest the process of devouring at a moment when the image, stimulated by the threat of annihilation, intensifies its presence." In his painting, the

image has not abdicated to make way for Action painting but fights back with varying degrees of success.

Sometimes that degree is so slight that it seems to presage an ultimate surrender to abstraction and, faced with the mangled human bodies in *Lying Figures* Nos. 1 & 2, one is inclined to feel that the sooner the surrender is complete the better.

Again, whether the artist likes it or not, there is, in the large painting *Two Figures In A Room*, an element of surrealism—a surrealism far more potent than all the pettifogging symbolic fantasies of Dali put together. Instead of the innocuous "meeting on a dissecting table of a sewing machine and an umbrella," Bacon has engineered the hideous meeting in a carpeted drawing-room of two naked, Belsen-like figures. The effect, whatever his intention, is brutally disturbing.

Only when we come back to the more familiar ground of the artist's obsessive variations on Velasquez's *Pope Innocent X*, of which there are four in this show, and the *Seated Figures* does anything so easily recognisable and classifiable as social satire enter into his work.

Bacon certainly has us all guessing—at least, those of us who are prepared to enter into the spirit of the game. No British artist in recent years has provoked more highfalutin' theories from the critics (including me) or more impotent rage from the man who "knows what he likes." It is time for Mr. Bacon to put us out of our misery with a revelation of the Baconian Theory—if any!





SANDRA LOUSADA PHOTOGRAPHS

# A SEAT UP FRONT

*(with the avant-garde)*

*Are you a lolter or a poser? With the new chairs it doesn't matter—you can sit any way you please. You'll be comfortable, and you'll be out in front fashion-wise. Of course there's the price to consider, you might think of some as collectors' pieces, like the Saarinen armchair and stool (above) from Knoll International (£63 to £76 according to finish, stool about £17). The hip-bath shape (right) is a Swiss cane chair made at the Lord Roberts Workshops (£4 15s. 6d. without cushions, £6 10s. 6d. with. Carriage 5s.)*





**Twirl or tip on the adjustable reclining armchair and stool by Charles Eames from his aluminium group.**

*Made by Hille. Available from Liberty's; Wolfson of Leeds; Ebbutt's of Croydon. Price: approximately £60, stool £24 6s. 6d.*



**A twist to tradition gives modern elegance to these Italian dining chairs (from the Gio Ponti stable) in ebonized beech with Indian cane seats.**

*Imported by Terence Conran, available at Woolland's; Findlater Smith, Edinburgh. Price: about £15 4s.*

**Sit up and take notice (but easy) on a polished stainless-steel frame with black leather upholstery, designed by Mies Van Der Rohe.**

*The "Barcelona" is available in England through Knoll International; from Heal's; Peter Jones; Dunn's of Bromley. Price: approximately £120*



**A  
SEAT  
UP FRONT** *continued*



**Any way round will do on the flower-like seat of this creation in metal tracery, upholstered in wool. Designed by Harry Bertoia for Knoll International.**

*Available in various sizes and finishes, this one has a white frame. From Heal's; Harrods; Elder's of Glasgow. Price between £26 and £35*



**Skins on steel in Scandinavian style. The armchair (left) is in suède with a sheepskin cushion. The other is all in sheepskin. Both imported by Danasco and available from Liberty's. The suède costs about £45 15s., the sheepskin £36 10s.**



**It's black enamelled wire strut underneath, and it stands up to outdoor wear. Upholstered pad cushions are easily removable. Also by Charles Eames.**

*Pads available in various materials and colours. From Peter Jones and Liberty's. Price: about £14 15s.*





Raymond Fortt

## COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

by ALBERT ADAIR

THE MAKING OF A MIRROR DEMANDS two arts—that of producing a satisfactory reflection and that of producing a decorative frame. For the early mirror makers the first requisite was the more difficult of achievement since gold, silver, bronze or pewter were the only reflecting surfaces available in the Middle Ages, progressing in the 15th century to the use of steel and crystal. Craftsmen working on the island of Murano, near Venice, claimed to have perfected the manufacture of glass in about 1500 but glass mirrors did not come into general use in England until the 17th century. Wall mirrors as decorative furnishings first became fashionable in the reign of Charles I and in 1663 the second Duke of Buckingham established the original Vauxhall glass factory. Throughout the 18th century Vauxhall glass mirror plates were considered the best in Europe and it is for these that the collector now looks.

It was the second art, that of frame-making, that gave the 18th century carver and gilder his greatest scope for variety and imagination. Wall mirrors were subject to every fashion of the times. The Palladian style was the particular child of Lord Burlington and his protégé, William Kent; the Gothic of Horace Walpole; the Chinese of Thomas Chippendale, the classical of Robert Adam; the Egyptian of Thomas Hope.

Perhaps the most extravagant of the rococo masters was Thomas Johnson who was in business near

Seven Dials from 1755 to 1766. Eccentric as some of his published *One Hundred and Fifty New Designs* certainly were, they were also full of a light and airy fantasy coupled with an artist's eye for balance, proportion and grace. Animals and birds abounded—squirrels, dogs, stags and sheep appearing against a naturalistic background of foliage.

Splendid examples of the work attributed to Johnson can be seen at Hagley Hall, near Stourbridge, and the wall mirror shown (above) could also well be from his workshop. The treatment of the branching foliage is particularly typical and similar birds appear in his book of designs. Animals are represented by the sheep resting on a rocky eminence and it is possible that there was originally some further fanciful creation of this eccentric artist in the empty space above the mirror. But even if some part of the original is missing the mirror is still a delightful creation. It was exhibited in London at the 1958 Antique Dealers' Fair and bought there privately for a sum that any dealer would now be pleased to pay.

Many people deprecate the resilvering and regilding of wall mirrors. It is always, of course, the collector's aim and ambition to own pieces as nearly as possible in their original condition but it must be remembered that antique wall mirrors were repeatedly resilvered and gilded as far back as the 18th century. The chances of finding a mirror in its original state are negligible.

## Other People's Babies



Betty Swaabe

MARK (20 months) and BENEDICT (four months), the children of Lt.-Cdr. & Mrs. Charles Lutyens, of Mornington House, Hambledon, Hampshire



Barry Swaabe

JEREMY CHARLES (almost three), son of Mr. & Mrs. Timothy Odhams, of Campden Hill, W.8



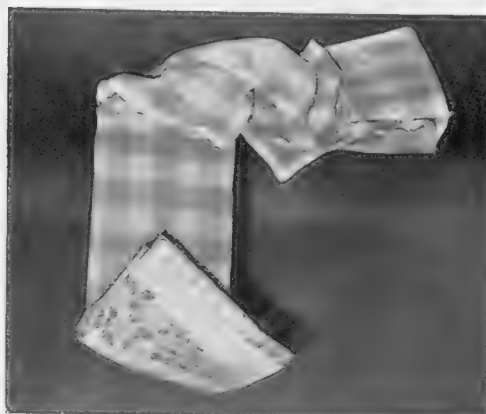
Tom Hustler

AMANDA (four and a half) and REBECCA (one and a half), the daughters of Mr. & Mrs. John Leberne, who live in Wilton Crescent, London, S.W.1

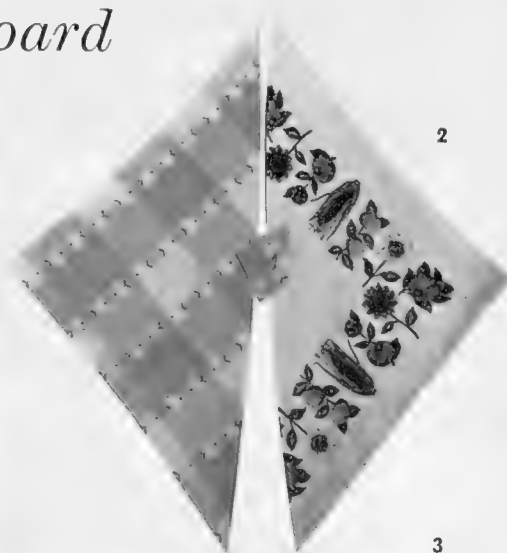
ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD  
MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

1. Pure merino wool blanket quilt is softly checked in a pastel colour on white and is mothproof, single size: £6 19s. 6d. double: £8 19s. 6d. Only at Harvey Nichols, London who will return them to the mill for reconditioning. Blankets bordered or scattered with roses in pink and green or blue and green are bound with toning satin ribbon. By Vantona, single size from £3 19s. 6d., double from £4 19s. 6d. at Heal's, Tottenham Court Road

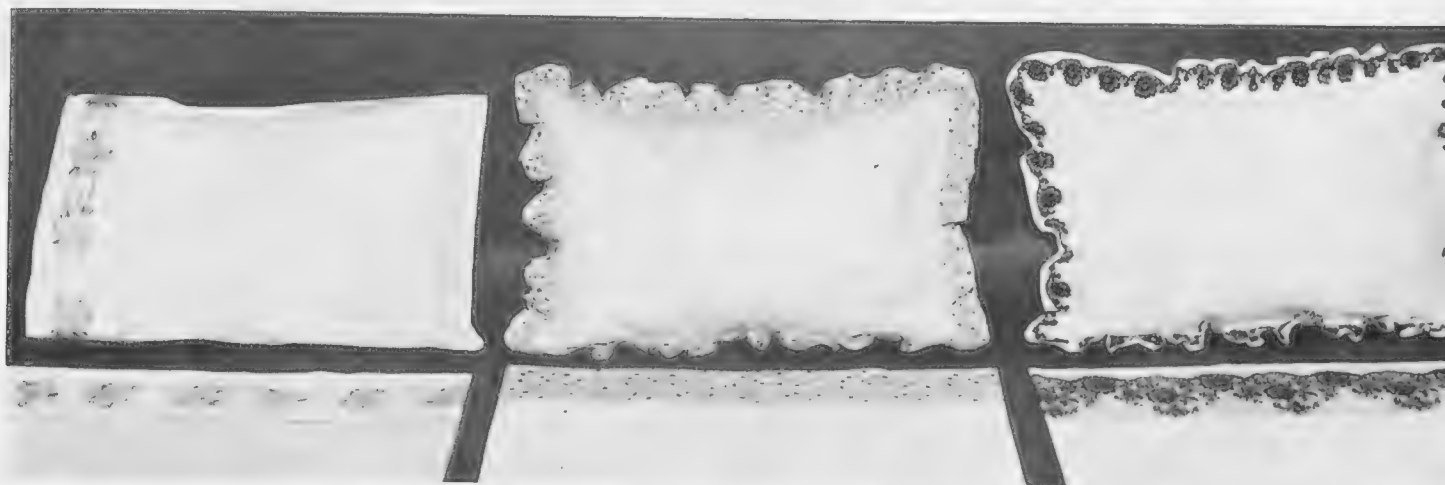
## Stocks a linen cupboard



1

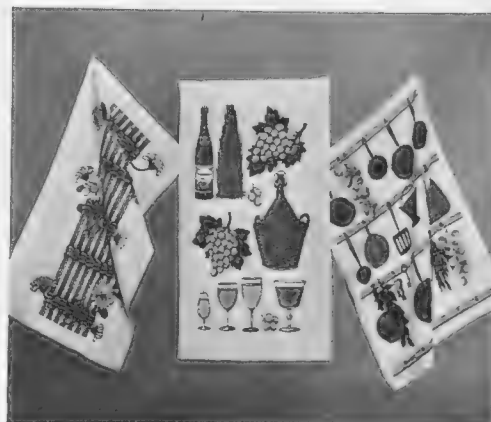


2



3

2. Cotton tablecloth and napkins checked in blues and striped with rows of lemon and green apples. Cloth cost 22s. 6d., napkins 3s. each, at Heal's. Linen tablecloth by Shields is printed with blue and red. It has corn, sunflowers and fruit on white, 22s. 6d. at Woolland's; Affleck & Brown, Manchester



4

3. Finest American cotton sheets by Cannon are imported by Diana Cowpe. The set here has a border of garlanded pink roses: sheets cost approximately 39s. 9d. for a single size or 50s. 9d. for a double size, pillow cases are 26s. 11d. a pair. At Deary & Toms. Horrockses white cotton set is bordered with roses. One single sheet and pillowcases: 2 gns., or one sheet with two pillowcases for a double bed: 3 gns., a pair of pillowcases: 25s. At Selfridges; Fenwicks, Newcastle; Hatchers, Taunton. Fine white cotton percale sheet by Haworth is bordered with a lacy print in lilac, charcoal or pink. Single size sheet plus one pillow case: £3 15s., double sized set: 5 gns., or a pair of pillow cases: 36s. 6d. From Harrods & Kendal Milne, Manchester



5

4. Three new tea towels dashing patterned—the first two in honeycomb effect woven cotton with (from left) a green-brown trellis with orange and white flowers and (centre) the fruits of a wine harvest in browns, oranges and lime. Finally, a print in vivid colours on linen. By Shields, 4s. 11d. each at Woolland's; Affleck & Brown, Manchester

5. Hand-finished linen from Paris may be found at the White House. The towel set here by Porthault of Paris is hand-printed with blue carnations on white and rimmed with blue linen scalloping. The set consists of a bath towel: £7, hand towel: £3 6s. 6d. guest size: £1 7s. 6d., bath mat: 8 gns., face cloth: 17s. 6d. and short bath robe: £9 19s. 6d.

## Intelligence report

First-class linen is the forte of Mme. Amy who designs her own embroidery and appliqué work which is then carried out by Irish convent workers or an exclusive Belgian workroom. She can design an entire trousseau of linen and sketch monograms of crests, or embroidery which pick out colours to tone with the room setting. Blankets and eiderdowns are planned to match and she always gives an estimate before starting on any work. Linen sheets and pillowcases are mostly Irish or sometimes very fine batiste Brussels linen. A pair of good quality linen sheets costs from £6 10s., or with a

flowered monogram, a guinea extra for each sheet. Before starting on a table linen order she likes to see the customer's table and dining-room to get correct colours, shapes and sizes. The linen is hand-embroidered in Brussels on linen or silk. A 6-piece set of rectangular mats and napkins in two-coloured linen would cost about 6 gns. Orders for bed and table linen take from two to three months to complete. Mme. Amy is at 17 Beauchamp Place each Wednesday where inquiries should be addressed. Her service includes renovations on eiderdowns, and repairs to lace; pillows can be made to order.



# MOTORING

by Gordon  
Wilkins



## Germany's new light cars

NEWS THAT A LARGER VOLKSWAGEN is at last on the way gives interest to two new Continental models that I have been driving lately. Both are still almost unknown in England, but already a familiar sight on the roads of Germany, Switzerland and other countries; the B.M.W. 700 and the Lloyd Arabella. They are two of the new generation of German small cars which are competing with our latest light cars in export markets.

The B.M.W., like the Triumph Herald, is offered as a saloon and a coupe—but not yet as a convertible. Both models are good-looking, vivacious small cars which handle as a B.M.W. should. Everyone who knows motor-bikes knows the B.M.W. twin-cylinder engines, and an air-cooled flat twin; mounted at the rear, provides the power for the car. It gives 30 horsepower from only 697 c.c. and drives through a gearbox which has efficient synchromesh on all four speeds. All wheels are independently sprung, by coil springs.

Both saloon and coupe have two good wide doors and the rear seat on the saloon is quite practical for two adults, although headroom is not generous. Under the two-spoked steering wheel are two triggers; one dims or flashes the

headlamps, the other works horns and indicators. The driver has a good view and sees all four corners of the car. Windscreen washer and a heater, taking warm air from the engine cooling system, are standard equipment. The controls are light, but the pedals are rather close together and the short centre gear lever is somewhat springy. Fuel tank and sparewheel, mounted in the front, leave space for a moderate amount of luggage.

These little cars are nicely, if simply, finished and handle extraordinarily well, without any of the common faults of rear-engined cars. In fact, they understeer rather than oversteer, and if one corners fast enough to make the tail slide, they seem to have no vices. Steering is light and quick, and the ride is firm but not choppy. The air-cooled engine is audible when working hard, but astonishingly smooth and flexible. It will pull away sweetly from 10-15 m.p.h. in top and only when idling does it reveal itself by a slight tremor as a two-cylinder.

The saloon has a maximum of about 74 m.p.h. and is said to do about 47 m.p.g. at 60 m.p.h. In Germany it costs £397. The coupe, lower built and light, does about 78 m.p.h. and costs £442 at the

works. For people who are willing to accept simpler finish and equipment, it offers performance comparable with a Karmann-Ghia Volkswagen or a Renault Floride, for a good deal less money.

The Lloyd Arabella is attracting buyers who want an alternative to the Volkswagen with more modern style. Output is only in hundreds, where V.W.s come out in thousands, so the Arabella cannot compete in price (it costs £438 in Germany) but in its finish and full equipment it exhibits Dr. Carl Borgward's flair for gauging what the public wants.

Interior safety is increased by a hubless steering wheel with broad flat centre strip, padded instrument panel, twin padded visors, and tip-up front seat backrests with a safety-catch which prevent the rear seat passengers crushing those in front in the event of impact or violent braking. Included in the price are cigarette lighter, reversing lamps, steering lock, and warning lights to show if the rear lamps go out, if fuel is down to reserve, and if the car is driven away with the hand-brake on.

The engine is a water-cooled flat four of 897 c.c. driving the front wheels, and it gives 38 horsepower. All four wheels are independently

sprung by coil springs. For a two-door saloon, the Arabella's doors are not very wide. The front bench seat, with two separately adjustable backrests, is comfortable enough, but a certain amount of agility is required in getting into the rear seats. The driving position is quite good for tall drivers and all-round vision is good, but headroom in the rear seats is surprisingly restricted, and my head was firmly wedged against the roof.

The engine is a vigorous little unit which will slog away without judder at 14-15 m.p.h. in top, or run sweetly up to high revs. The gearbox has all four speeds synchronized, but on the car I tried the steering column shift was rather stiff and indefinite. I understand later examples work better. Steering is light, the turning circle is quite small and there is no noticeable kick-back when cornering slowly.

Brakes are of ample size and road holding up to the best modern standards. Maximum speed, which is also the motorway cruising speed, is 74-75 m.p.h. A sprightly car, with style, good road holding and above-average luggage space, the Arabella is obviously capable of improvement in some respects, but it looks like adding one more to the list of Borgward successes.

Left: The B.M.W. 700 saloon. The engine is a flat air-cooled twin at the rear. Right: The Lloyd Arabella. Its water-cooled flat four engine is under the bonnet, driving the front wheels



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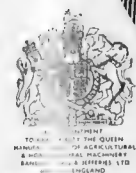
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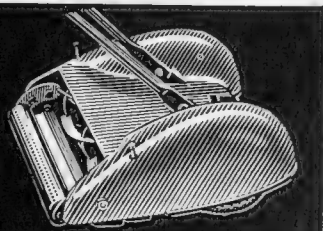
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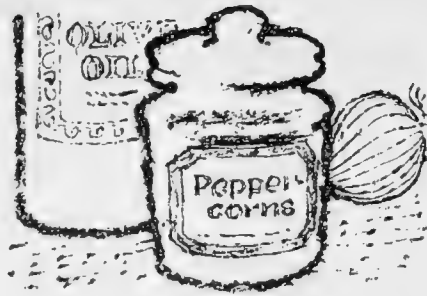
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## DINING IN



### A tranquillizer for cook

by HELEN BURKE

MY REASON FOR WRITING OF *suprêmes* of chicken this week is a letter from a reader who tells me that, in her large collection of cookery books, she cannot find even the slightest reference to them. Her cook has never attempted to tackle the dish and is highly nervous about doing so.

Apparently writers of cookery books do not regard *suprêmes* of chicken as a suitable dish for home cooking because it takes two chickens to serve four portions. But in addition to the *suprêmes* (the breasts), there are, of course, the thighs, drumsticks, wings, giblets, and the delicious little fillets in the back and the bones. These can be safely stored in the refrigerator for other dishes several days hence.

One has only to work out the total costs to realize that chicken, thus handled, is much less expensive than beef or veal of equal quality.

*Suprêmes* of chicken, whether fried or poached, are a last-minute job because, although they are the tenderest parts of the bird, they tend, after cooking, to harden in a matter of minutes.

I have discovered that some poultryers (Fortnum's of Piccadilly is one) will disjoint the *suprêmes* for customers, but, in case you are not so fortunate, here is how to go about the job. A bird of not more than 3½ lb. dressed weight will give two nice-sized *suprêmes*.

Place the chicken on its back. Cut through the skin between the thighs and the body with a sharp

knife. Bend the thighs away from the body so that it is easy to cut through the joint cartilages. Cleanly remove the wishbone with the point of the knife, then skin the breasts.

Next, holding the knife as close and flat as possible against the breast bone, cut off each *suprême*, together with the wings, in one piece. Chop off the wing bones between the first joints and those close to the breasts, scrape off the meat from them and you have the two *suprêmes*, each with a tiny bone attached.

Pop the skin, bones, scraped-off meat, neck and gizzard in a soup pot. Cover with cold water. Add a *bouquet garni*, a sliced carrot and onion, pepper and salt to taste and, if you like, a clove. Bring to the boil, cover and simmer very gently for stock. When cold, this can be stored in the refrigerator, together with the remainder of the chicken, until next day or even later.

And now to cook the *suprêmes*. First, gently beat them out with a metal "bat" or a strong flask-shaped bottle until they are almost half as large again. They are now ready for whatever way they are to be cooked. For *Suprêmes de Volaille Doria*, season them with pepper and salt, pass them through flour, shake off excess and gently cook them to a pale gold in clarified butter, or

butter and a dessertspoon of olive oil (to prevent burning). Pour over them a little nut-brown butter to which has been added a squeeze of lemon juice and garnish them with lozenges of cucumber, gently cooked in butter, or with mushrooms and asparagus tips, cooked and heated in butter.

Another way is to place the *suprêmes* in an earthenware dish with bruised parsley stalks, a finely chopped onion, a tablespoon of olive oil and a dessertspoon of lemon juice, all beaten well together. Leave them for an hour or so then dry them in a cloth. Dip them in a batter made of a beaten egg, 2 oz. flour and pepper and salt to taste. Fry them in hot deep oil or fat and drain on absorbent paper. Garnish them with plenty of crisp fried parsley, first well dried to prevent sparking, and pass a good tomato sauce with them. Or, as I have enjoyed even more, a good *sauce Tartare*.

Another good coating is equal quantities of grated Parmesan and finest breadcrumbs. Dip the *suprêmes* in seasoned beaten egg, to which a little olive oil has been added, then in the dry mixture and fry them in deep fat.

Incidentally, in *Escoffier's Guide to Modern Cookery*, there are 40 ways of cooking and serving *suprêmes*!

## do look now — its pedigree is showing

Choosing a car in a showroom is rather like picking a winner in a parade ring. They may all look pretty good, but it is not until they go into action that breeding begins to show. It shows when an M.G. Magnette is going fast over an open road. It shows in the surprising vigour of its acceleration, in the ease and urbanity with which it maintains its seventy-miles-an-hour cruising speed. It shows in resolute road-holding, precision steering and masterly braking. For pedigree performance at a rational price, the M.G. Magnette is quite outstanding.



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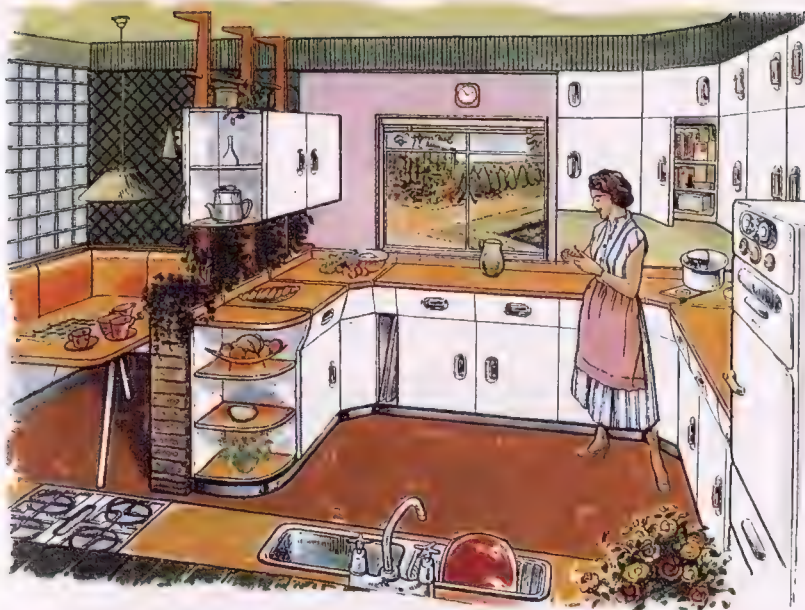
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## English Rose

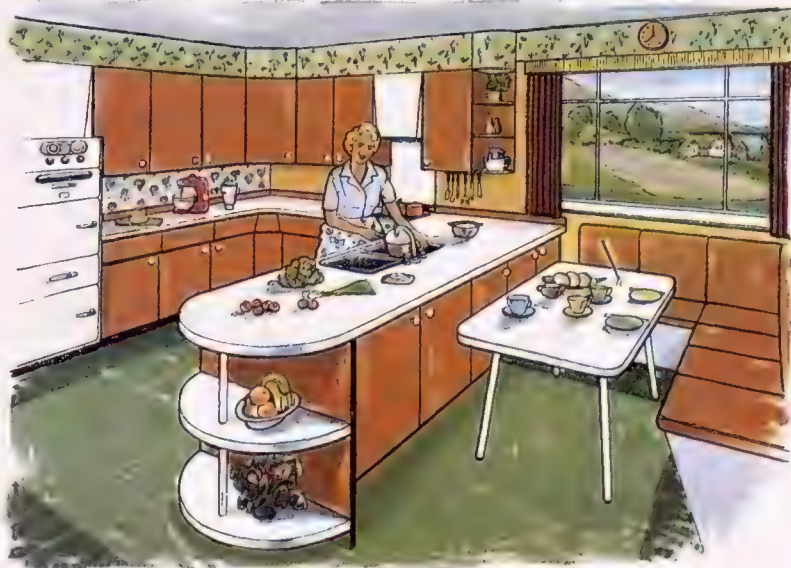
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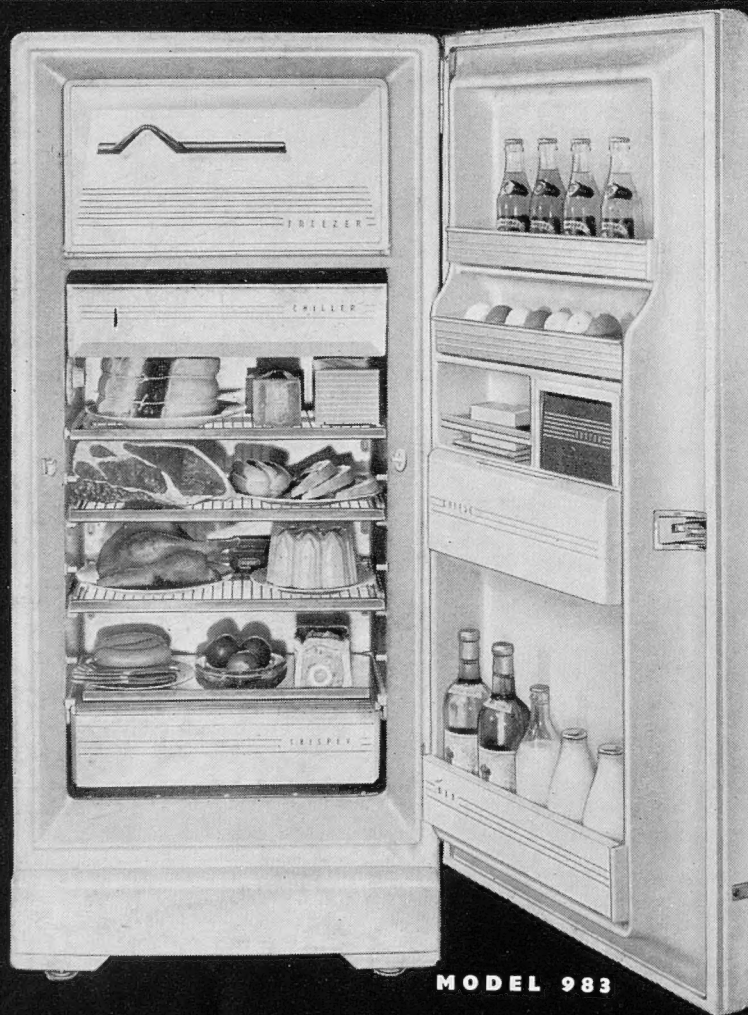
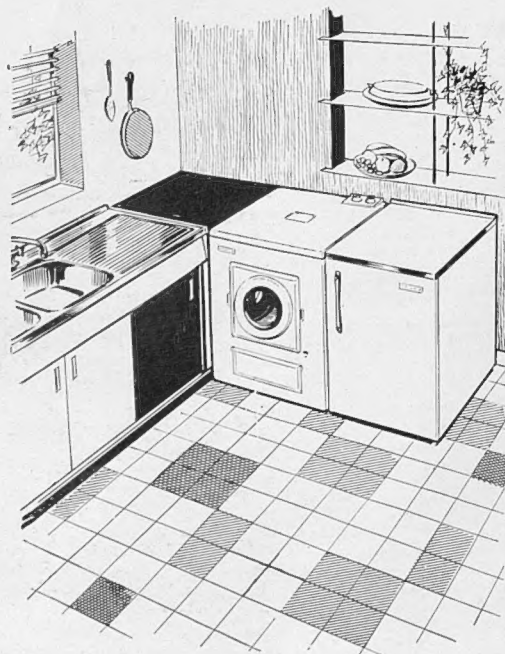
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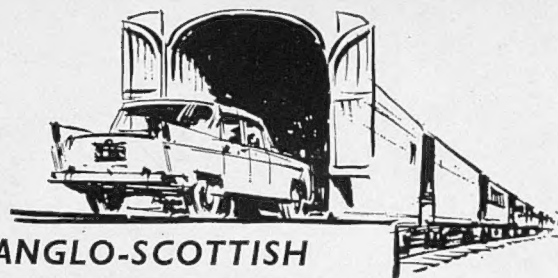
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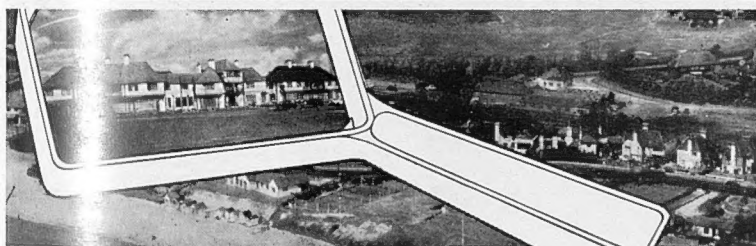
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